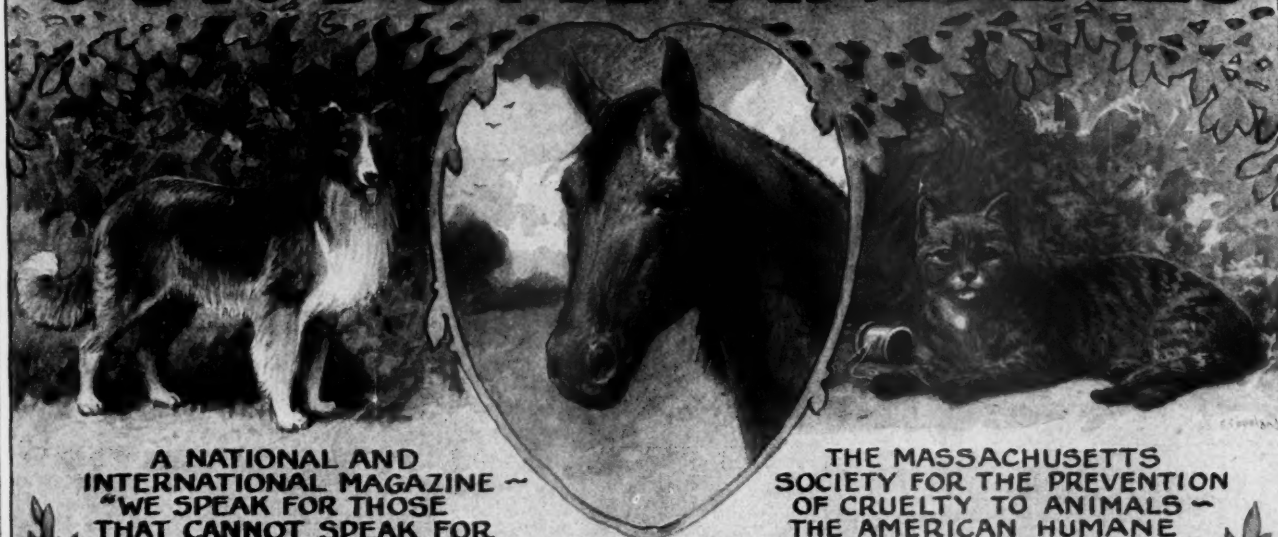


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE --
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

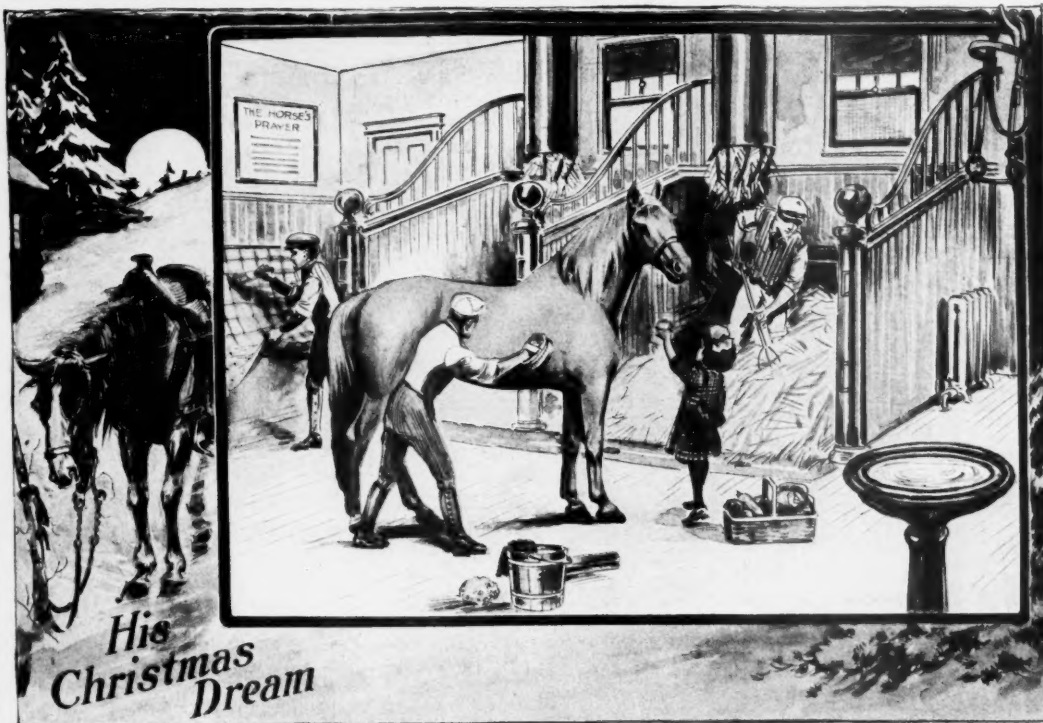
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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS --
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 45 No. 7

DECEMBER, 1912

Price 10 Cents



*His
Christmas
Dream*

Our Dumb Animals

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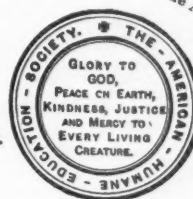
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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—Cowper.



Vol. 45

Boston, December, 1912

No. 7

His Christmas Dream

By DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY



WHY should he not dream? He has a brain—a something that recognizes voices, scenes, and "old familiar faces." Why should not that something in him, as in us, know the strange experience that comes with the mystery of sleep? The dog dreams. No one will deny that at whose feet he has slept. He was a lover of dogs and a keen observer of their ways who wrote,

"The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot stone to Eskdale moor."

Of course we are not foolish enough to imagine that any equine brain ever had such a Christmas dream as that which is pictured on the first page of this number of *Our Dumb Animals*. Yet that there might come floating back to some worn-out Rosinante, used of yore to the comforts of a well-appointed stable, a vision of his better days, would not be altogether incredible. Dreams are often old memories coming back. Long years can intervene since a horse has turned into a once frequented gateway, but he will rarely pass it by without manifesting a desire to re-enter it, so persistent and sure is his memory.

If one of these faithful servants of mankind, which in earlier years had been the fortunate inmate of luxurious quarters where hay and grain in abundance, and a bed made soft with straw, and watchful care had been his happy lot, should, when passed his prime and sold to a heartless owner, find the old scenes being lived over again as he stands neglected in the wretched shack where now he spends his cheerless nights, or shivers with the cold where he has been left upon the storm-swept street, we should not be surprised.

However, we have no thought of attempting either to prove or claim this. There have been men who have criticized "The Horse's Prayer" on the ground that it is perfectly absurd to think of a horse as praying. Certainly it is. Horses never pray. In this respect a multitude of men are in the same class. It is only in our imagination that such a thing is conceived as a "Horse's Prayer." His petition is but what we would seek,

were we in his place, with our capacity to ask some gracious lord for the things we know that we should like if we were horses. One of the reasons for which we were endowed with this divine gift of the imagination is that by its power we may put ourselves in another's place, be that other man or beast, and so enter into his sufferings or know something of his rest and peace. Half the cruelty of the world would cease were this gift more largely the possession of men. To cultivate it in the child is to make him toward all that lives a kinder and juster friend.

Suppose you, or I, were a horse, the slave and drudge of some cruel master who fed us but just enough to keep the breath of life in our body, who gave us no wide and roomy stall with comfortable bed upon which to stretch our weary legs, who left us standing for hours exposed to all sorts of weather while he sought his selfish pleasure among scenes of mirth and laughter. If we could dream, as we stood or served through the long dreary hours of heat or cold, would we not see some far-off vision of a goodly stable where the straw was knee-deep about our legs, and the manger well supplied with bright, clean hay, and where some one gave us regular and kindly care?

This is all we mean by "His Christmas Dream."

We have tried to follow the wise injunction "put yourself in his place." Though a thousand were to tell us that the poor old horse we saw the other day dragging a peddler's dilapidated cart, probably knew little of what suffering meant, since he was only a horse, the staring ribs, the sprung knees, the docked tail, and the evidences that in his prime he had been a handsome, spirited fellow, would make it impossible for us not to see in the large patient eyes something of what would be true of us were we to have passed through his experience. Grant that we were mistaken. Let us admit, if we must, that we felt worse about it than he did. Still the fact remains that but for those who have done unto horses as they would have horses do unto them, there would have been no great humane movement blessing the world and turning the light of divine compassion into the dark abodes of cruelty.

And now at this season of the year when men's hearts grow warm and glad with the spirit

of Christmas time, why should not the beast of the field and the fowl of the air, all unconscious of its meaning as they must be, still feel its influence in a clearer recognition of their service to mankind, of their claims upon us for such treatment as we should want them to render us were all the circumstances reversed, and we filled their places and they filled ours?

This is not sentiment. It is a plea for justice. What form of life below us has served humanity as the horse has served it? He has played bravely his part on a thousand fields of battle, facing war's appalling horror, and moved to his task by no hope of its glory. He has helped build the world's great cities, their temples, their palaces, their libraries, their universities. He has made possible a million harvests. He has toiled on the railways of the nations. He has been a partner in the rearing of our homes. He has been our swift messenger in joy and sorrow. He has carried us through many happy hours of recreation. He has stood ready to die in our service when we have demanded it.

Well may Alexander have founded a city in honor of the noble charger which bore him safely from the perilous field! Well may Cimón have reared beside his own an enduring monument for those fleet-footed mares which won him the chariot races at the great Olympic games! Well have poets sung of the Arab and his horse, celebrating the bond of sympathy and love that has always bound the heart of the rider to the heart of his horse when they have lived together, suffered together, shared together life's good and ill!

Heaven's blessing on every child that shall see another Christmas morning! We would that each might find his Christmas dream come true! Alas for us if we fail to do our part that it may for those within the circle of our power! But shall it be beneath our high dignity as men and women if we pray and work also for the day when the Christmas spirit—the spirit of kindness and justice, the spirit of a gentle and strong humanity—shall at last banish all cruelty and needless suffering from the lives of those, our lowlier kin, who look to us for justice as we to God for mercy? That first Christmas morning, with its story of a mother and a little child sheltered in the humble stable of a Judean inn, is the pledge and promise of that coming day.

The Humane Cause

By DR. WILLIAM O. STILLMAN



THE anticruelty movement received its charter and its justification from the greatest leaders which the world has known. Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ said, "Blessed are the merciful." Not two generations ago, one of the greatest of Americans, Abraham Lincoln, said, "The love of humanity is the foundation of all the virtues." Let us reverently try to realize the full opportunities of this great cause. We should be grateful for what has been accomplished but not satisfied that the end has yet been reached and the record of progress closed. We are only on the threshold of the greater possibilities of the future.

An ounce of humane education is worth more than two hundred pounds of policeman. A fence at the top of a precipice is better than an ambulance at the bottom. The scheme of social salvation of our age looks to the schoolmaster rather than to the gendarme for satisfactory results. Humanitarians stand for humane education as the most effective way to prevent cruelty and, among the really constructive forces for civic righteousness, there is nothing which ranks higher in efficiency than the anticruelty movement.

Defects in Present Education

We feel that humane education should be introduced into all schools. It is time that the child should receive instruction in ethics and humanity, as well as cultivation of the mind. Education, in the past, has been largely a marvelous evasion of the direct, the self-evident and the necessary, as far as it applies to the widest practical usefulness of life. In no respect is this more true than in the lack of public provision for training in humanity and conduct. Let us not forget, while educating the mind, that instruction in ethics by the state is even more necessary, in order to produce upright character in its citizens. What does the state need more for stable government than right character? Humane education—that is, cultivation in humanity—is the missing ingredient in civilized culture today. Just as altruism has developed all that is greatest and best in our social ideals of the present, so education in humanity applies altruism to our every-day life. As worshippers of what is true and noble, let us not forget our fealty, our faith and our devotion to this great cause which puts the education of the heart on a twin pinnacle with the cultivation of the mind.

There are over seventeen and a half millions of children in the public schools who require to have humane education systematically taught to them. The sooner we set to work to have humane education made compulsory in every state of the union, the better it will be for the world and for the ideals toward which we are working. Over eighty per cent. of the school children in this country receive not only no humane education but also practically no moral or ethical training whatever. What is to be the future of this country unless there is a change in this respect? We are constantly witnessing examples of political and commercial turpitude which show taints in the fountainheads of our national life. I call upon every anticruelty organization in the United States to consider this problem seriously, and then to take active

steps to advance the movement for nation-wide humane education in the schools.

Humane education means something more than not to steal birds' eggs and kill the feathered householders; something more than not to be brutal to household pets, and wild or domestic animals. It means that children should be taught a real consideration for the rights of others; should learn to practise justice and fair play toward all, and the practical application of the golden rule to man and beast. It means that kindness and mercy shall be made the cornerstones of national character. With such instruction as this made a part of the inner consciousness of the school child of this generation we shall have more conscience in business; more justice in international relations; more kindness in human fellowship and better citizenship everywhere.

At the present time our educational institutions are turning out children who are proficient in arithmetic but deficient in ethical ideals. The need for reform in this direction should be brought strongly home to every conscientious humanitarian, and we should become, one and all, missionaries working toward these needed reforms. I make this earnest plea in behalf of humane education because it is the most important problem which we have before us and requires unity of action in order to accomplish needed results.

Progress in Preventing Cruelty

I find that many important problems are being carefully studied in connection with animals, and that needed reforms are being pushed energetically to the front. Among the subjects being studied are the care, feeding and transportation of domestic animals; the better construction of stables and barns, and protection of animals from fire; the best methods of paving public highways from the standpoint of humanity and public health; proper shoes and proper harnesses for horses and other working animals; the use of brakes on wagons and the proper application of traction force to the vehicle; the quick and painless slaughter of animals for food; the disposal and management of animals suffering from contagious diseases; the best methods for stamping out infectious diseases and to disinfect stables, railroad cars, ships and other vehicles which have become infected; the provision of shelters and homes of rest for animals; the legal protection and conservation of useful birds; and international cooperation in carrying out reforms for animal relief.

Other important problems which demand consideration are the proper management of dog pounds and the humane destruction of animals which must be killed. Spurious rabies epidemics

are reported from time to time. These should be studied and handled intelligently. More hospitals and dispensaries for animals are needed. Sanitary drinking fountains for horses are generally required. Slippery city streets should be sanded in winter. Federal laws prohibiting traffic in bob veal should be enacted, and the frightful cruelties occurring in connection with poultry transportation should be strictly regulated. The problem of the humane transportation and slaughter of cattle demands careful study. The question of muzzling dogs should be carefully considered and fully understood.

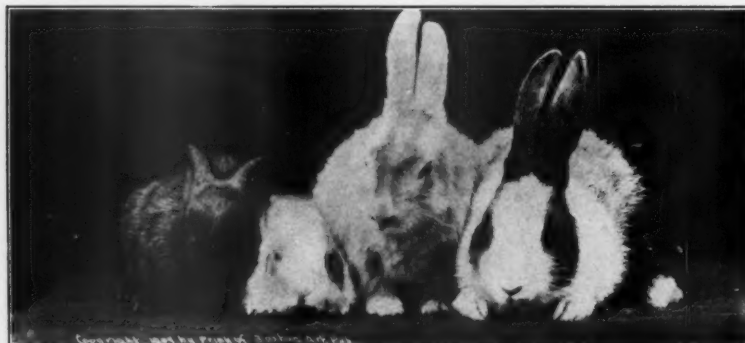
I wish to call attention especially to the frightful brutalities connected with the fur trade. The protection of wild life has not received the support from our societies which it deserves.

Tragedy of the Steel Trap

Few people know how much suffering is caused by the trapping of wild animals. There are thousands of hunters and trappers in this country who are destroying hundreds of thousands of animals yearly, in order to furnish furs for uncivilized man and, particularly, for barbaric woman. No pen can do adequate justice to the tragedy of the steel trap. Laws are urgently required in most states to carefully regulate the use of traps where they cannot be wholly prohibited. Myriads of unfortunate little beasts are left to starve or freeze, and suffer for days, until death gives them relief or the hunter finally mercifully knocks them on the head. Some states have a law requiring that traps should be visited every one or two days. Such laws should be passed in every state, where trapping cannot be legally forbidden. Enormous numbers of animals are trapped in Canada, for their furs, which are largely shipped to the United States. This country is one of the greatest fur markets in the world, because it is the richest one. One by one whole species of animals are being exterminated.

There are prosperous journals devoted to trapping interests in this country and whole libraries of books telling how animals may be trapped successfully. There are large wholesale dealers in pelts in the United States, who handle annually hundreds of thousands of skins and have regular trade lists for prices which are printed and distributed by tens of thousands. Wild animal life is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Heartlessness and commerce are performing the unholy deed. This subject deserves earnest attention on the part of humanitarians.

Be just for justice is righteousness, and the chief end of the law. Be merciful for mercy saves, and is the fulfilment of the reign of love. Be kind for kindness is love made manifest.



Christ and the Cattle

IT is a significant fact that our Saviour was cradled in a manger, and that Mary, crowded out from the inn or caravansary, found shelter with the beasts of burden and cattle of the field, and brought forth the Prince of Peace in a common stable. It was literally true, as we sing at Christmas-time,

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,

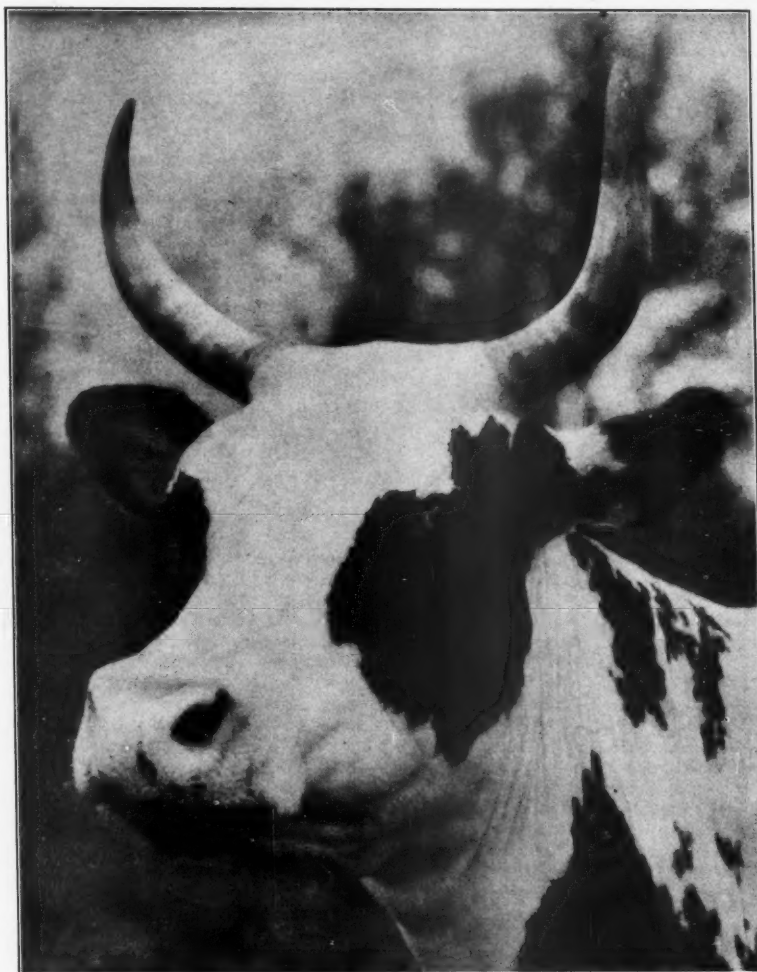
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall."

Nothing in our Saviour's life is without its lesson of divine wisdom, and we may study the circumstances of His birth, sure of finding at every point ample reward for our industry.

I call attention to "Christ among the Cattle." Why was our Saviour cradled in a manger? Why was He, whose advent had been the exalted theme of prophet and psalmist, denied the honor so readily accorded children of a royal line? Excellent reasons have been advanced, and yet one of great importance seems to have been overlooked. Was not our Saviour's advent associated with beasts of the stall to teach us lessons of respect for and kindness toward the animal world?

Certain it is that whenever the Christ is born again in the manger of the human heart, the fragrant flowers of mercy and kindness spring up on every side, and I would not give much for the religion of a man who has no sacred regard for brute life.

FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN.



AYRSHIRE COW AT ALTA CREST FARM, SPENCER, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COWS OF JERSEY

Undoubtedly the little island of Jersey has been enriched by the profit of its cows. In modern days, potato raising and fruit culture have helped, but it is the solid, continual profit of the cattle that has made the island rich. So carefully do they tend them there, and so frugal are they of waste in trodden pastures, that they actually tether their animals, and the children or indoor servants shift them at morn, noon, and night.

Gentleness is their cue in handling the calf, which after a short dose of mother's milk has to be content with skim-milk, or skillegalee. She is haltered and fed by hand and becomes docile and gentle, and when two years old, yields indoors or out, her bountiful bucketful of frothy, rich milk to the quiet women-folk who milk her.

The Jersey breed is kept pure by stringent laws against the importation of foreign stock. The summer pasturage is very rich and cattle remain out from May till October, but during the winter they are always comfortably housed.

The milk is used almost exclusively in making butter. A good Jersey will make an average of a pound of butter every day in the year. The Jersey is beautiful in form and her abounding dairy products make her a favorite with the household, an ornament to any farm or estate, and a source of great profit to her owner.

REFORM LEGISLATION

In discussing "Humane Legislation for Animals," at the American Humane Association convention, H. Leib Phillips, superintendent of the Wisconsin Humane Society, Milwaukee, said:

The world is becoming more humane, but not enough so in proportion to the increase in its population, to allow us to rest on our oars in the matter of humane legislation. Some of the most important issues to be considered are: the amendments and alterations of the present general acts in each state; the enactment of specific legislation to cover cases of commonly practised cruelty; further legislation for the actual prevention of cruelty by anticipation; and, what is very important, unanimous efforts in making our humane laws universal throughout the country.

Two of the most important reforms of all would be: first, the right for the courts to deprive the habitually cruel perpetrator of the ownership or care and custody of any animal; second, a legal regulation of the working hours of beasts of burden. Very much has been done universally and rightly so, in limiting the hours of labor for the protection of men, women and children, but, the most helpless of all, our dumb friends, are expected to labor on indefinitely, their hours of rest or recreation being limited according to the individual owner's standard of humanitarianism, or to the extent of his judgment from a commercial viewpoint.

A YULE-TIDE OFFERING

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

Again the merry Yule-tide comes,
The Day of all the year;
The pealing bells, the mistletoe,
The blazing Yule-log's cheer
Proclaim the Christmas festival;
O now let every voice
In accents glad His praises sing,
And every heart rejoice.

May peace prevail; it is most meet,
This anniversary morn
That marks that holy Day of days
The Prince of Peace was born,
That all should dwell in unity,
That earth should know no war—
O may the white-winged dove of peace
Brood o'er us evermore!

May each heart beat with quickened love
For man and bird and beast,
Remembering Him who ministered
Unto the very least
And humblest of our Father's flock,
Who marked the sparrow's fall,
Who as a Babe was cradled with
The cattle in the stall.

And now as loving messages
And precious gifts abound,
And at the hospitable board
The loving-cup goes round,
What nobler gift to offer Him,
Today, with willing mind,
Than grateful hearts filled with true love
For bird—beast—all mankind?

Mollie of Hogan's by AMBROSINE SALSBURY



SCHOOL was out, and so was Tim Carr, and he lost no time in leaving the scene of his unwilling labors.

Six months before, Tim's father had gone, no one knew where, and Tim's uncle only looked after the boy because there was a chance later of Tim being a wage-earner.

Unknown to his uncle's family, Tim had a dog, a neglected waif like himself, and for the dog's license Tim had denied himself much.

Once or twice the dog, Mollie, had been seen and questions asked. Tim excused the lie he had told, as he would probably have had to give her up, and had said she belonged to a neighbor who allowed him to take care of her.

Mollie was nothing but a mongrel, a little brown dog, who adored Tim, and told him so with every lick of her tongue, and every look from her soft eyes.

A hole in the shed just large enough to screen the dog was Mollie's den, and for many weeks she had led a charmed life.

With a quickly beating heart, Tim stole up to the roof. No Mollie was in sight, but Tim tiptoed to the hole.

There seemed to be a mass of something brown there. Tim's blue eyes sparkled as he went down on his knees. "Mollie," he whispered, and the brown mass squirmed. Her whole attention was being given to three little puppies, and the look she gave Tim was one of pride, not of race, but of possession.

The boy's devotion showed itself at once, as in extravagant terms he told her of his surprise and delight at such wonderful puppies.

Then Tim's worries began. Mollie had to be fed. She needed extra feeding, milk especially; but where was it coming from?

There were no filled milk bottles where he lived. Sometimes they had a little from the grocery, but Tim's uncle thought it a luxury.

Luckily the really cold weather had not begun, but it was cool enough up there.

Mollie, an invalid, did not care about dry bread and, finding she did not eat it, he left her half, and ate the rest.

When he dared no longer stay up, he pressed a kiss on her loving nose, lightly touching the baby heads, and stole down to bed. Before daylight Tim had started on his rounds. Milk wagons also make an early start, so there were full bottles for Tim to select from.

It seemed as if Mollie would have to go on the plan of a feast and a fast, as even cream bottles could not easily be kept.

Putting the bread into an old saucer, Tim poured in the cream and fed his cherished pet and, when the bottle was empty, Mollie lay back with a sigh of content.

Tim smoothed down the brown head while he tried to smooth down his own conscience. To starve the dog just now was what he couldn't do. If it were possible, he would earn money. If not, why, there was the other thing. To be a crook meant that one lost social standing; yet he came back to the same reasoning—the dog must be fed somehow.

A day or two later, a policeman's suspicions were aroused, and, in the gray dawn, Patrick Healy saw the sight that brought a mistiness to his official eyes.

He had come up by way of the next building and, hidden in the shadow, waited to see if the boy would appear.

Hugging the bottle, Tim crept up to the shed, crouched down and poured out the cream. Cream bottles being smaller were more easily handled.

The policeman leaned over and saw a mongrel of low degree, three roly-poly puppies, and a boy whose face was transfigured for the moment as Mollie licked his face and hands before starting on her breakfast.

Patrick Healy kept quite still as Tim, with due caution, tucked the empty bottle out of sight, and petted his dog. There hadn't been much food for the last few weeks for Tim, and he was strangely tired.

Pulling the dirty carpet over him, he gathered Mollie and her babies into his arms and the five slept.

It was an angry, embittered boy who followed an irate uncle to the children's court.

The kindly officer obliged to make the charge, had an invalid wife and only a memory of a sunny-haired baby. He had seen the boy's viewpoint, also the viewpoint of an excited restaurant keeper, who demanded the payment of various bottles of cream; but the officer considered the boy the most important object.

The far-seeing eyes of the judge looked at the sulky, boyish face and noted the tired lines about the blue eyes.

"Didn't you know it was stealing to take the cream?"

"Yep, er yes, sir."

"Couldn't you have managed to get a cent or two?"

"Nope, couldn't get nothin'! I tried, but teacher's out, an' nobody wanted any errands done!"

"What have you got to say about it?"

"Mollie was awful hungry, you see she'd got them kids to feed!"

The air was tense with sympathy, but the judge went on.

"What kind of a dog is she?"

"Guess she ain't nothin' special. Just a dog!"

"Why didn't you drown the puppies if you couldn't feed her?"

"Drown Mollie's puppies!" the boy flashed out. "Them's her first puppies. Why, it 'ud kill her!"

Fear, respect, deportment were forgotten, the boy's head was up, and the blue eyes had a fighting look.

"She loves 'em, they're her'n!"

Then the feeling of a barrier in blue, and patrol-wagons settled on the boy, and his lips quivered.

The judge nodded, and officer Healy moved to the door. A bundle had been put down containing three wobbly pups, and a most excited little mother.

Mollie, however, scented trouble both for herself and Tim. Why were her puppies there in that strange place, and why did her master's face wear that look?

With a quick glance at the kindly hand that rested on the table, she gave it a hasty lick, then sat up and begged, pleading with her soft eyes "extenuating circumstances."

The excited restaurant keeper had smiled, and admitted his willingness to have Tim work off the cost of the cream.

Later, when no one claimed the boy, the Heals' home was enlivened by both a boy and a dog. The descendants of the latter devoted themselves to the neighboring police, and none of them made claim to being anything special, but "just a dog."

MY DOG

By MAGDALENE MERRITT

Sublime are they—the mighty minds
Whose thoughts will down the ages roll;
A lofty paean, perfect, whole;
My dog has but a simple soul.

So guileless that each waking day
Comes unto him as glad surprise;
Such questions leap his lambent eyes
I wonder if he, too, is wise.

Great seers and singers they have been
Who delved into the infinite
In search of Truth's eternal light;
But may not he as well be right?



He knows the purling woodland brooks;
He knows the scent of hare and hound;
So near to nature dumbly bound,
He knows where perfect faith is found.

Submissively, thus day by day,
He lives as joyous blithe a thing
As ever bird upon the wing,
Yet constant as the buds of spring.

Their source—the buds, the bird in air,
Each beast and insect in its place;
The seer's rich fount—I all can trace
Within my dog's dear upturned face.

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS

Speaking upon the subject of "Business and Humanity" before the American Humane Association at Indianapolis, Oscar A. Trounstone, secretary of the Ohio Humane Society, said:

The enforcement of the ordinance requiring owners to pay a tax on their dogs or have them killed, has done more to eliminate useless suffering among man's best friend than any other law on the statute books. The dog tax, while it was inaugurated for the protection of human beings, is therefore a humane measure for the dogs as well.

The suggestion to tax cats is now denounced and ridiculed, but after it has been in operation awhile it will seem the only natural thing to do.

The Santa Claus committee of the Business Men's Club of Cincinnati, of which I am a member, has purchased of the American Humane Education Society of Boston 6000 copies of "Black Beauty," "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," "The Strike at Shane's," and "The Lady of the Robins," for distribution to the children of our city at Christmas time.

THE CRUELTY OF DOCKING

At the American Humane Association meeting, "The Cruelty of Docking: How to Stop It" was ably treated by Frederick L. Dutcher, counsel for the Humane Society of Rochester, New York, who said in part:

The practice of "docking" was introduced into America many years ago from England. Let us consider how this operation is performed. The animal is secured by a twitch on his nose, front leg fastened to his breast, the tail amputated with a docking instrument, and a red-hot iron applied to stop hemorrhage. Usually from eight to ten vertebrae are amputated. The twitch is used to divert the horse's attention by violently twisting it, thus to overcome the suffering produced by the operation. The twitch itself is an instrument of torture. The operation is usually performed on a young high-spirited horse, which up to this time has received, probably, nothing but kindness, giving in return that trust and devotion so characteristic of this friend of man. After all is over, we have before us a mutilated and unsound animal, the handiwork of man in his attempt to improve on that of God.

The animal is deprived of his means of defense and protection against flies and other insects. Sooner or later, every docked horse finds itself in the hands of the cabman, huckster or cartman. Then begins a life of torture from flies and insects, ending finally in the hour of death.

Experience teaches that docking does not remedy the fault of switching the tail or kicking due to getting it over the rein. On the contrary, this habit is stopped by a slight operation which, in fact, is more frequently necessarily performed on docked horses than any others.

Through humane education the best results can be obtained. Lectures on the subject should be delivered in the schools. Teach the children the truth as to this cruel practice and, in time, they will help us blot out this outrageous cruelty.

We would suggest constant appeals to veterinarians to discourage the practice. Make use of the press to inform the public of the position taken by men and women of authority and leaders in modern thought and ideals. Finally, let the humane societies keep the issue alive and arouse public sentiment so as to result in the passage of anti-docking laws.

When the time comes that having in one's possession a docked horse is a crime, if not before, this relic of barbarism will cease to exist.

TO SAVE HORSES FROM FIRE

F. J. Winchester, secretary of the Liverpool Branch of the Royal S. P. C. A., England, contributed a paper to the American Humane Association on "How to Lessen Fire Risks for Horses," from which these extracts are taken:

This subject was forced into attention by the disastrous fire which occurred in the stables of the United States Express Company in Jersey City in December last, when the entire stud of 365 horses was lost in the flames.

The Fire Commissioner of Boston (U. S. A.), in his annual report for 1907, stated as follows:

"Scores of horses are burned or suffocated to death every year in this city. Some reasonable regulation of stable construction should be passed looking to the proper arrangement of runways and exits. This great and cruel loss of horse life has been to a very considerable degree unnecessary, and if some official supervision of stables with authority to require proper construction, could prevail, the horror could be greatly abated."

Our subject falls into three divisions:

First, what is the horse's claim? The theoretic right of every domestic animal may be roughly defined as a right to the immunity from all preventable or removable suffering.

Second, what are the conditions which will secure this end and for which therefore we should strive?

Here let me say at once that I contend that a number of horses should not habitually be kept on any story except the one which is on the level with the street, called here "ground-floor," though where a high standard of safety is satisfied in a given building, a small number might be permitted on a single floor next above.

It is urgent that exits be plentiful in number and simple, or even inviting in design. A single door should not be considered sufficient, except in the smaller stables; in others, one to every four or six stalls would be none too many. They would probably facilitate the work of the stable and beneficially increase the ventilation. If upstairs stables must be reckoned with, the approach should be by means of two or more outside runways of single flight, ample breadth and gentle gradient. The animals should be so tied up as to render release easy, perhaps with head outward, and should be encouraged to find their way from the yard to stall and from stall to yard by themselves. This would amount to a kind of fire drill.

We now come to our third and last point. By what means may we best secure the realization of these aims?

The most satisfactory way, of course, is to secure from the proper public authorities regulations requiring conformity, as far as possible, with the provisions outlined above; that is to say, an efficient fire code.

Again the fire insurance companies might bring powerful influence to bear in this matter. In fact, this is already done to a certain extent.

The publishing and public discussion of reports of stable fires, whenever such do occur, should not be neglected.

One other plan is open to us, quite the most practicable and by no means the least powerful. It is simply that our societies include the subject as part of their regular policy.

SOUTH IN THE FALL

By LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

Oh, my heart it's sad and it's weary;
My heart it's a lonesome thing!
I long for the days that are cheery;
For the days the bright buds bring.
I long for the bloom in the branches;
And I hark for a song withal,
Though the birds have fled from the hazels
Far, far to the South with the fall!

They've left us now, that it's chilly
And the frost is on the leaf.
They've missed and they've mourned the lily
And the gold of the garnered sheaf.
They've flown from the dim of the woodland
With the beeches gray in the wall.
They've gone and the aisles are lonely—
The robins are South in the fall!

Oh, the dew is heavy and shining
On the beards of the tall gray grass.
The tufts are prophets repining
The glories which come and pass.
I gaze toward the rose of the morning;
I list but I hear no call.
The day is ushered in silence—
The robins are South in the fall!

A WILD WEST CRUELTY

We are glad to learn that no bucking bronco exhibitions similar to those which disgraced the California State Fair will appear on the program of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. The State Humane Society of California, so we are informed by the Pasadena *Daily Star* of October 22, is doing everything in its power to stop these abominations, that under the title of "wild west sports" are a shame to our modern civilization. There is no doubt that, as the paper says, there may be wild west attractions that are unobjectionable, but they are hard to find. The majority of them make their appeal only to that which is brutal and savage in the spectators.

F.H.R.



A MEMBER OF THE BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT

Love's Power Over Wild Animals

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Story of Scraggles," "Living the Radiant Life," "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," "Through Ramona's Country," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

Squirrels, Foxes, Lynxes, Badger, Monkey and Coyotes



IN the Mount Lowe menagerie in time there came to be quite a collection of animals, with practically all of which I became friends, from Jocko, the monkey, down to the alligator. The squirrels of course ran free, and it is no uncommon thing for them to be-

come pets everywhere. But here they seemed to be especially bold, free and friendly. From the very inception of the railway enterprise Professor Lowe had protected them, and had personally set the example of kind and sheltering treatment. He took nuts in his pockets daily and, no matter how pressing his business, would always arrange to have a few minutes with the squirrels. The result was they not only ran and ate from one's hands, but would run up one's body, perch on shoulder or arm and there crack the nut that was given, or that had been filched from the pocket on the upward climb, for squirrels soon become as cunning and knowing as dogs. They learn where nuts and acorns are likely to be kept, and their memories for such treasures are far more keen than those of many school-boys are for dates and other such things. To those who are not familiar with the gray squirrel of California let me commend a reading of the chapter on the Douglas Squirrel found in John Muir's "Mountains of California."

Foxes as a rule are treacherous and shy, yet I soon found that they responded to gentle treatment and affection. I became quite friendly with the four shown in the photograph, the fact that they were so quiet while I was in their cage making the picture being a fairly good evidence of their want of fear. It will be noticed that in spite of their fearful and suspicious nature, only one is "keeping his eye on me." I used to go in and out of their cage several times a day and invariably took with me a handful of raisins. I found they were very fond of any sweet fruit, especially raisins, and it was not long before they would eat them freely from my hand. At first I had to approach cautiously and not dare to attempt to place my hand on them. A snarl and a quick, vicious snap were sure to repulse any such attempt. But by and by I petted them almost as freely as I would a dog and they ceased to show any fear in my presence.

It was the same with the coyotes and the lynxes or wildcats, but I was always more careful in dealing with the latter. They, too, were fond of raisins and learned to eat them from my fingers, and soon became fearless and friendly instead of afraid and hostile when I entered their cage.

But after the bear and two pet racoons, my especial pet was Joe the badger. This was a monster specimen, the largest I have ever seen.

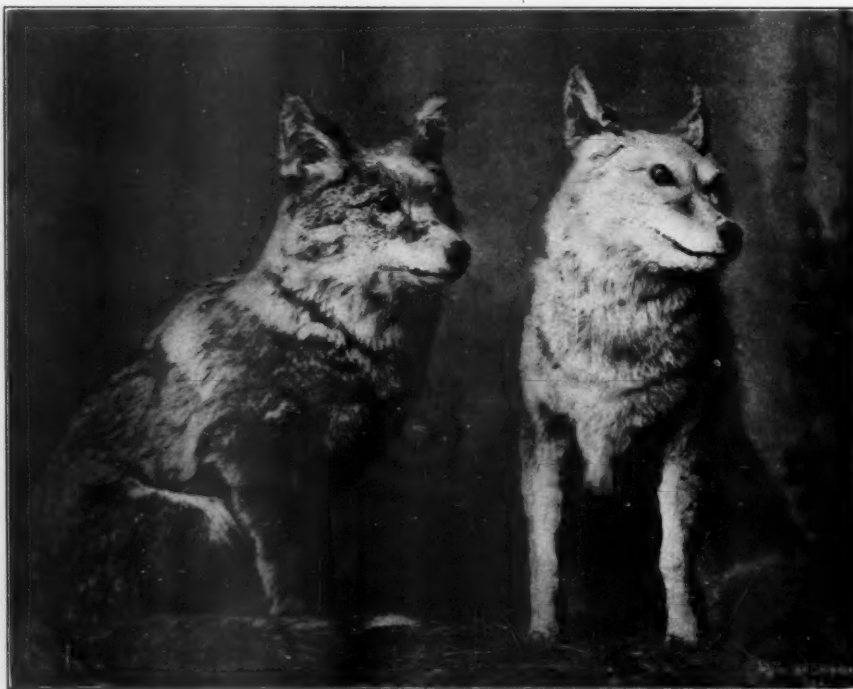
I was especially cautioned by many wisacres, who professed to know, not to attempt any of my friendly tricks with Joe. A badger was said to be untamable, and his sharp saw-like teeth, and the way he would snarl, draw back his lips, wrinkle his nose, and exhibit those teeth, at first seemed to justify the caution. But somehow I was not satisfied. It seemed to me that Joe and I were destined to be friends, so one day I ventured into his cage and began to try him with raisins and sugar. I soon found he liked them both, especially sugar, and from that time on I not only ceased to fear him, but succeeded in winning his perfect confidence and friendliness. He had a great broad back of thick rich fur which I longed to stroke, and soon I had my hands on him. Then I took to sitting down in his cage, calling him to me with a lump of sugar held in my extended fingers, when he would approach, squat down across my legs—on my lap as it were—and wait for me to give him the sugar. At last this became too easy and monotonous, and I hid the sugar in my closed fist and made him "nose" for it, and ever afterwards, whether I sat, stooped, or stood, he came for my clenched hand, thrust his sharp nose into it, and then as gently, as patiently and as carefully as Ursa had learned to do, pawed or clawed at my hand with his sharp claws, while he sought, with his nose and teeth, the sugar which eluded him. He never once lost his temper, never showed the least sign of anger or treachery, and I soon became as openly friendly with him as I would be with a gentle-natured dog. Hence nowadays when people tell me of the untamable qualities of the badger I either tell the story of Joe, or quietly smile at my recollections of his gentle friendliness.

There were owls, hawks, and eagles, and all responded more or less readily to the potent influence of love.

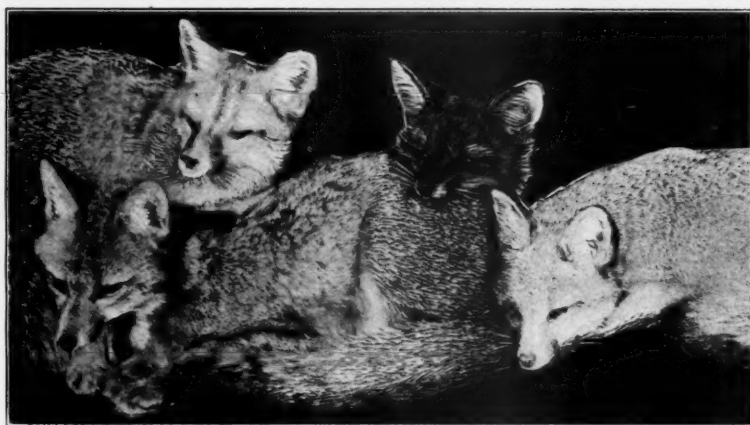
While it does not come within the rigid scope of this series, I cannot resist telling one funny experience I had with Jocko, our monkey. We were great friends, and he used to come to me sometimes and beg for things so piteously and so touchingly that I would laugh until I cried. He must have had a very intense nature, and withal a very self-willed one, for whatever he wanted he wanted desperately, and in his cunning fashion let you know it, if he had any confidence in your friendliness.

On one occasion a little boy came up the mountain to stay a few days. His fond and not overwise parents had given him for a plaything a toy pistol, one of those small affairs that snaps off a paper percussion cap with a sharp crack. In fun the boy pointed his desperate weapon at Jocko and fired it. The snap instead of scaring Jocko seemed to amuse him and make him curious, and he came to me begging for the weapon. His antics were so queer, his looks so beseeching, his curiosity so intense that I felt impelled to help him out, so I borrowed the pistol from the boy, and he, in his generosity, gave me a number of caps.

Then began the fun. I had no intention of starting it, but once having begun, it was too excruciatingly funny to stop. Taking the toy to Jocko I placed a cap on it and snapped it off close to him. This was somewhat different from having it shot at him from a distance and he jumped, wildly grimaced, rubbed his ears and shook his head. But when I drew away, he again extended his human-like hand and begged for the pistol, so, placing a cap upon it, I



"THE COYOTES BECAME FEARLESS AND FRIENDLY"



"THEY WERE SO QUIET WHILE I WAS MAKING THE PICTURE"

handed the toy to him. I think he must have pulled the trigger accidentally, for afterwards it took him some time to learn how to do it, but the moment the crack went off—he was biting the barrel at the time—it so startled him that he jumped—steep feet into the air. I can see him now, and I can scarcely write the story for the laughter that it brings back. He jumped, and jumped again, dropped the toy, winked, blinked, spat and swallowed, then felt of his ears, his eyes, his teeth, his nose and his head generally, grimacing the while as only a monkey can. Then he began to peer into the barrel and I took the occasion to put on another cap and let it off myself. His antics were repeated, but although he dropped the toy, he picked it up again when I reached for it and clearly showed that, in spite of his half terror of it, his curiosity was not yet satisfied.

So I determined to teach him how to pull the trigger himself. It took me longer than I expected, and each time the snap occurred he seemed to grow more eager, though more nervous, excited and uncertain. At length he succeeded. I placed the cap in its little receptacle, Jocko pulled the trigger and I watched him jump. For an hour or so I laughed as I have seldom laughed in my life, until my eyes were heavy with tears and the muscles of my body as well as of my face were tired and stiff with the unwanted vigor of the exercise.

The one thing that pleased me about the whole affair was his freedom from fear. He knew that there could be no real danger to him so long as I was there, and especially when I was so full of laughter at what he was doing. That assurance was a great comfort and joy, even while I was in the throes of my intense laughter at Jocko's strange and peculiar antics.

(To be continued)

NIMROD PUT TO SHAME

In his "Tramp Through Tyrol" Mr. Walcott Stoddard, who seems to have had access in some way to the official Imperial Shooting Book of the Emperor of Austria, states that the record of this hunter's killing for sixty years reached the grand total of 50,919, or an average of 783 head per annum. Here are some of the figures: 1378 stags, 2043 chamois, 1492 wild boars, 7556 hares, 18,131 pheasants, 8358 partridges. When one adds to these victims of a purely selfish sport the multitude of creatures maimed and wounded that escaped to die in loneliness and pain, a record of wanton slaughter looms up before his inner eye that not many of us would care to face in this world or the next.

F.H.R.

A WORD FOR THE HOG

By FLEDA CHANDLER LUND



UCH is written of the intelligence of horse, dog, and even cattle, but no one believes that the hog has either feeling or common-sense, in any quantity. However, I hope to convince a few, at least, that the hog is not only very intelligent but very sympathetic as well.

In all my experience with animals on a farm I have never seen such tender solicitude for an unfortunate companion as was displayed by two shoats, a short time since.

By an unfortunate accident an attendant had broken the back of one of the pigs, and the poor creature was unable to rise to its feet. The accident happened in the morning, at feeding time. The other two hogs would run to the trough for a little food, then back to the sufferer, whom they would gently root in sympathy. This was continued until the food was consumed, then one shoat would stand guard, while the other went into the orchard for apples. They changed about in this manner all day, and no one was allowed to approach the injured one without a fight. When no one was near the sentinel would rub his nose over the unfortunate one, then lie down close beside it and by every act known to pigdom express deepest concern.

The three hogs had been accustomed to seek shelter near the house at nightfall, but on this night the two well pigs covered the hind quarters of their companion with sods and dirt, then lay down for the night, one on each side of her.

Early the next morning we had the poor creature killed, and the next night the two shoats returned to their nest near the house. Could human beings have shown greater sympathy for one of their own kind?

BIRDS GIVEN CLEAN BILL

Flycatchers, king-birds, phoebes and other birds that prey on wasps, bees, ants, grasshoppers, caterpillars, flies, bugs and other insects, were given a clean bill of health as far as the farmer is concerned, in a report issued recently from Washington. After an investigation by F. E. L. Beal, of the biological survey, of the diet of seventeen of the thirty-one species of flycatchers, the department announced that the birds do considerably more good than harm and should be protected as allies of the farmer and horticulturist.

A Christmas tree for the birds will bring joy to the children as well.

WE KNOW NOT

By JOHN FRANCIS BECKWITH

I have hung my guns on the corner rack,
And never again shall I follow
The call of the wild and the lonely track
Through the wood-clad mountain hollow.

The autumn had tinted the shelving side
Where leafless branches were sighing,
And birds of passage had gone with the tide
Of a summer in glory dying.

I had followed a trail—but it matters not,
It was bigger game I was hunting;
But the caveman in me fired a shot
At a little snow-white bunting.

He fell to the ground with broken wing,
A blood-stained, fluttering feather,
And never, never again would he sing
O'er meadow and lillac heather.

I lifted him up, and I heard the call
Of his mate from a cluster of willows;
And I thought of the nest with its hungry small
And the north-cold, wintry billows.

For never, never again would he fly
With buds and the young grass springing;
Wing-shot and still, on the nest he would lie—
And who would the food be bringing?

That's why I've hung my guns on the rack,
That's why I shall always remember
We do not know when the guns will crack
Nor the coming of life's December.

We know not the day till vesper rings,
And know not when summer is over;
Twilight may find us with broken wings
In a field of blossoming clover.

THE SNOW-WHITE COCKATOO.

Australia and the islands of the Malay archipelago are the home of the cockatoo. About this time of the year the young ones are nearly all on the wing and with the parent birds are beginning to gather into flocks according to custom. The snow-white birds circling overhead, with almost deafening screams, present a very beautiful sight at least. So elegant and orderly are they in their movements before alighting, that even the farmers, whose grain they may be after, cannot help admiring them.

The cockatoo is very intelligent and makes a most admirable pet, but when his temper is aroused or he is displeased, he suddenly changes from a dignified bird into a screaming fury.



EAST INDIAN COCKATOO

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1898

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, December, 1912

FOR TERMS see last page, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all the newspapers who receive this paper this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, except when copyrighted, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

Your Christmas

AS we think of our many readers scattered over the whole globe, of the loyal friends of our two Societies whose gifts make possible our widening influence among men, there is awakened in our hearts the desire to wish them all every blessing for which Christmas stands.

May every child, and every home and school into which our paper comes, share in a glad Christmas and a happy New Year!

May life mean less of cruelty and suffering for the whole vast realm of sentient creatures below us because once more the world stands hushed in adoration in the presence of a little child, and reads afresh the ancient story of good tidings and great joy that yet shall be to all the people!

ANIMAL HOSPITALS

That the animal hospital idea is rapidly spreading, no one who is familiar with the situation can doubt. We have just learned that \$66,500 has been paid in New York for a site on which is to be erected an animal hospital by the New York Woman's League for Animals. \$50,000 is also subscribed for the building.

When a Bostonian thinks of this in connection with the hospital the American S. P. C. A. has just opened in New York, he wonders a little that this New England city which has been foremost in so many great humanitarian movements, can be content to let New York surpass it in this direction. It is only, however, in the actual raising of the money for an animal hospital that we have been outstripped. The design for the Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital and the plans for it took very definite shape two years and a half ago. We are living in the hope that the generosity of our friends will make it possible to begin upon our building some time during the year 1913.

F.H.R.

A QUEEN'S PROTEST

A London cable says that the Queen of England has never worn an aigrette, and has given special instructions that nothing of the kind should be employed in her millinery. The Duchess of Portland, who seems to be the authority for this statement, has written to the newspapers of London pleading for the discouragement of the wearing of the aigrette, the procuring of which has caused such wholesale destruction of the white heron.

F.H.R.

MURDEROUS WAR

We hope before our readers receive this issue of our paper that the swift and deadly struggle between Turkey and the allies will be over. The conflict has illustrated well the horrors and unspeakable crimes that are so often war's accompaniments. This has been a clash of forces that has seemed bound to come. No lover of peace or believer in arbitration should know a moment's discouragement. If only the great powers of Europe, once the war is ended, are not too clamorous, each for its own profit out of the war, we may well believe that the outcome of these savagely fought battles may result at last in conditions that will make no longer possible those deeds of persecution and atrocity that for centuries have shocked mankind.

F.H.R.

A SIGNIFICANT SUGGESTION

Year by year in one or more of the states, bills are being presented to legislative committees which seek to regulate the practice of vivisection and are aimed at its abuses. It seems to us very significant that in the October number of the *Buffalo Medical Journal* there should appear an editorial suggesting for New York state, at least, that instead of antagonizing all restrictive legislation—a policy that "may eventuate in the passage of a drastic bill"—the medical profession "cooperate with the framers of the next conservative bill insisting on proper professional representation and control on whatever board of inquiry or of regulation is provided, and suggesting such modifications as may be necessary."

Had the word "control" been omitted from the quotation just given there would seem to be in the suggestion made some hope of future rational legislation. If, however, this could only be by granting "control" to those advocating the experiments the proposed legislation is designed to regulate, what value would there be in the legislation?

It would certainly be a great gain if some steps could be taken by the opposing forces that have been so long at war upon this question whereby by mutual understanding something might be done to lessen the abuses of a practice that is the subject of such wide controversy.

F.H.R.

TRAINING TO KILL

We are glad to publish the following letter written from the office of the American Civic Federation, and representing the "Fly-fighting Committee":

"On behalf of the Committee let me say that Mr. Hatch, as chairman, and the most prominent health officers and entomologists who are associated with him in the international campaign, are heartily in agreement with you in your admirable editorial, 'Training to Kill' in the November number of *Our Dumb Animals*. The 'Swat the Fly' slogan served its purpose as an advertisement of the necessity of exterminating the fly, but from this time on Mr. Hatch and the leaders of the movement will emphasize the futility of mere fly killing, whether in contests or in individual households, and insist upon the absolute necessity of getting rid of dirt and filth in which flies breed."

(Signed) H. V. ANDREWS.

NEW HORSESHOE

George Foster Howell of 187 Windsor place, Brooklyn, New York, is perfecting a horseshoe that he believes will solve the problem of how to prevent a horse slipping on icy pavements. The Howell horseshoe is claimed to be an entirely new departure in such things and Mr. Howell believes he has invented a most efficient device for the safety of horses.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT

It seems almost incredible that modern science should be able so nearly to duplicate meat in a food product that chemical analysis practically cannot distinguish between that which is real and that which is artificial. This, however, has been done in the case of what is known as the "Millennium Extract."

What is said here is not by any means a paid advertisement, but is written as our own personal testimony to a most excellent and delicious article of diet. For more than a year we have been familiar with this substitute for meat, and for the benefit of many readers who, we are confident, would be glad to avail themselves of such a substitute, place is given to these lines.

One does not need to be a vegetarian to realize the advantage, purely on the grounds of his own health, of reducing very materially his consumption of meat. Our constant contention is that no one has any moral right to eat meat who is not doing all that lies in his power to reduce to a minimum the suffering of the food animals that are daily sacrificed for him and his fellows. To those particularly who, either for the sake of their health or for humanitarian reasons, have discontinued the use of flesh as food, the choice and delicate preparations of The Millennium Extract Company will be found to be a welcome substitute.

F.H.R.

FRIENDS AT COURT

Mr. Ed. Fox Sainsbury sends us from France a copy of the *Matin* containing a letter written to M. Millevoye, a deputy of Paris, by M. Briand, the late prime minister, and now member of the cabinet. We do not know of any country of the globe where a distinguished state official occupying so high a position as that held by M. Briand, has manifested such a care for animal life. M. Briand, after speaking of his own feelings with regard to the sufferings of so many domestic animals in the cities and throughout the country districts of France, writes: "I have given the necessary instructions to have all legislation respecting these matters rigorously enforced." His letter reveals no perfunctory discharge of duty but a deep personal interest.

F.H.R.

GREATEST OF THE BEASTS OF PREY

Some readers of *Our Dumb Animals* may remember the report of an interview the writer had a year ago last summer with Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, president of the Zoological Section of The British Association. In his recent presidential address, on September 5, Dr. Mitchell declared that man as the hunter of wild animals is the greatest of the beasts of prey, and pleaded for "the establishment of sanctuaries for the preservation of wild animals. These sanctuaries," he claimed, "would enable our descendants to study under natural conditions wild animals now becoming extinct before the advance of civilization."

F.H.R.

AMUSING AT LEAST

In a foreign paper we are told that the courts are puzzled over a situation that has arisen recently because of the will of a Russian princess who died leaving £4000 to a toy terrier named Gypsy, with the proviso that her pet be entrusted to the care of a certain very dear old friend. Within six months Gypsy died, and the friend claims that she is the legal successor to the money. But Gypsy left behind him, as one of his progeny, a puppy of high degree, which was duly registered at its birth. The judges, so we are told, are now wondering whether this four thousand pounds should go to the "very dear old friend" or to the natural son and heir.

F.H.R.



Office, 45 Milk Street, Boston
 Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
 HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
 HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
 EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
 GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
 Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance, etc.) Fort Hill 2640

FIGURES FOR THE MONTH

Animals examined	4796
Number of prosecutions	29
Number of convictions	28
Horses taken from work	161
Horses humanely killed	124

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	42,940
Cattle and swine killed	217

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received bequests of \$2850 from Miss Caroline M. Martin of Dover, New Hampshire; \$1000 from Oliver I. Kimball of Newton; and \$500 (balance) from Mrs. Mary J. Heywood of Chelsea; and a gift of \$150 from Miss Emily V. Lindsley. For the Angell Memorial Building it has received \$1000 from "a friend," and \$500 from Mrs. Mary Thayer. The Society has been remembered in the wills of Helen B. Smith of Worcester and of Colonel F. S. Richardson of North Adams.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$1900, bequest of Miss Caroline M. Martin of Dover, New Hampshire; and \$189.20, interest from the estate of Elizabeth F. Noble.

Boston, November 20, 1912.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS' SWORN STATEMENT MADE UNDER NEW POSTAL LAW

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly, at 45 Milk Street, Boston, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Editor—Guy Richardson, Box 166, Boston, Mass.
 Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Box 166, Boston, Mass.

Business Managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
 Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock).

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation). All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

None.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of the statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only).

Guy Richardson, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of Sept., 1912.

[Seal] James R. Hathaway, Notary Public.

(My commission expires Nov. 1, 1918).

A SPECIMEN CASE

The following illustrates some of the work we are constantly doing in watching the shipment of live stock over our railroads. It is a report to this office from our agent, Mr. Robert L. Dyson, at Worcester:

"Arrived at Fitchburg at 5.15 A. M. I found there a shipment consisting of thirteen cars of stock, which for various reasons had been delayed at different points. I had the train held up and found it billed to N. E. Hayden, Somerville, Massachusetts. I went through the way-bills and examined the conditions. Found that car C. V. 41001, mixed stock, had had time limit extended to thirty-six hours. Had this car cut out from the train, and the stock fed and watered. Also cut out four other cars, and had stock unloaded. Took out disabled and weak ones, and killed them to end their suffering. These animals were down and unable to get up and had been trampled on and bruised. I killed six cows, two calves, and found one dead calf. I also separated the calves that were turned loose in with the cows, and had them shipped separately in another car. I then telephoned the Boston office the numbers of the remaining cars so that the agents could examine them on their arrival at Watertown."

It was a sad day for stock in transit when Congress made thirty-six hours the time that they might be kept without food, water or rest. This is a single instance of what our Society is constantly doing to protect our food animals from the indifference to their welfare and the greed for profit on the part of those engaged in this traffic. F.H.R.

HUMANE BURGLARS

The London *Daily Mail*, of September 6, has the following: "Humane burglars broke into the shooting-box of M. Lindet, president of the Paris Law Society, at Fosse Mousson, on September 5, and after ransacking the place carefully, destroyed the traps and snares for animals which they found there. On a wall where the traps had been hanging they scrawled the words, 'Be kind to animals, or else we will return.'"

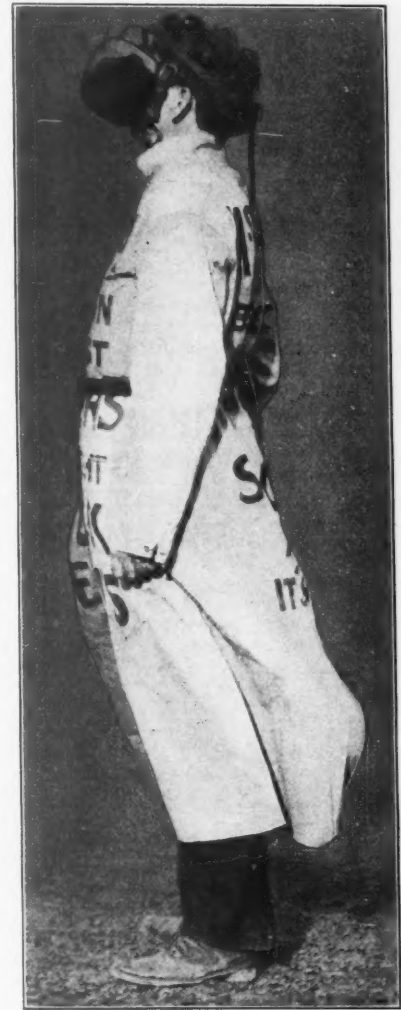
One has a suspicion, reading this article, that the "humane burglars" may have been certain persons so opposed to the trapping and snaring of animals that they ventured this act of lawlessness for the sake of calling M. Lindet's attention to the cruelty of some of his sports. F.H.R.

RECENT DEATHS

Dr. Hiram B. Cross, for fourteen years a director of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and for over forty years a practitioner of the homeopathic school of medicine in Jamaica Plain, died November 1. Illness had prevented his attending the meetings of the Society of late, but his interest in its work remained to the last. The directors have sent messages of condolence to the surviving wife and aged mother.

Mrs. Anna M. Delano, a director of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. from 1898 to 1912, when she was relieved because of failing health, passed away at an advanced age, November 6. She was a sister of our honored treasurer, Henry B. Hill, to whom the Society offers its sincere condolence. Her life was full of good works, one of the latest being the erection of an expensive drinking fountain for horses, as a memorial to her husband, in her home city of Malden.

The heartfelt sympathy of the Society is extended to its director, Mrs. Susan Cabot, in the loss of her husband, Dr. Arthur T. Cabot, one of the most distinguished surgeons of Boston, who died November 5.



THE BLINDER CAMPAIGN

Our readers know something of what we have done during the past summer toward inducing teamsters and horse owners to abolish the blinder. Our success has exceeded our anticipations. Not only are a thousand horses in the streets of Boston wearing the open cheek pieces our Society was glad to give them, but the influence of the movement has spread to many who of their own accord have taken off the stupid blinder. One harness-maker has told us that he has recently made over two hundred pairs of open cheek pieces for his customers. If one goes about the streets with his eyes open he will be surprised to see how many horses are wearing open bridles.

To carry this campaign into the various sections of the state, one of our representatives is employing the method indicated by the photograph. In the various towns he visits he hires some man to wear a coat on the front of which are the words, "Mass. S. P. C. A. Campaign against Blinders and Tight Checkreins"; on the back the words, "Join the Society and help its work. Mass. S. P. C. A., Boston."

In addition to wearing the coat, the man wears a bridle with prominent blinders, and for a few minutes at a time submits to the torture of a tight overdraw check. Of course he does this of his own free will and not because he has to. It is an object lesson that needs no explanation and one that the observer does not soon forget.

F.H.R.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

"THE HORSE'S PRAYER"

A few days after Dr. Rowley became President of our Societies a copy of "The Horse's Prayer," credited as a translation from the Swedish and sent to us by President E. R. Weeks of the Humane Society of Kansas City, Missouri, was placed upon his desk. President Rowley read this to a meeting of teamsters which he addressed, and was greatly impressed by the way in which the men were moved by its language.

Later Dr. Rowley recast the prayer, making several changes and additions, so that it became nearly half as long again as it was originally. In the new form, which may be recognized by the closing sentence, "You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable," the prayer was published as a leaflet by our Society. Its success was immediate, and so great became the demand for it that an edition of 100,000 copies was published. We have since issued it in post-card and placard form. It has been widely copied by humane societies and friends of animals throughout the world.

As one example of the remote places where this version of the prayer has gone, we note that it appears in the forty-first annual report of the Victoria Society for the Protection of Animals, Melbourne, Australia, which has just been received. In the October number of *The Animals' Friend* of London, England, in the second annual report of the National Equine Defence League, Mr. Ernest Bell writes: "Of all our leaflets, 'The Horse's Prayer' has been the most popular. We have already printed eleven editions, and the demand continues steadily, hardly a day passing without some being ordered."

NATIONAL CONVENTION

Those who attended the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, at Indianapolis, October 14 to 16, received a cordial welcome, heard some excellent speaking by humane workers of wide reputation, and came away feeling that if the attendance was not so large as in previous years there was no diminution of interest and enthusiasm. We regret that space allows the publication of extracts only from President Stillman's address and even briefer reports of a few of the other papers on animal subjects. All the addresses delivered will be reported in the minutes of the meeting, to be published later by the Association, and a few of the more important essays will be printed in full.

Few changes were made in the list of officers, Dr. Stillman being re-elected president. Dr. Rowley was made a vice-president. It is expected that the next convention will be held in Rochester, New York, upon invitation of the Humane Society of that city.

ANGELL FOUNTAIN IN MILWAUKEE

The city of Milwaukee has a fountain which was publicly dedicated on October 5 to the memory of the late Geo. T. Angell, whose name it bears. It was erected at the intersection of three heavily-traveled roads. It combines the essentials for supplying pure water to people, horses and smaller animals. The trough for horses is of solid concrete, 12 x 6 feet. Upon its rim is the inscription: "Come, be my guest."

The cost of the fountain, \$400, was borne by Frida Fuldner, with assistance from friends and neighbors. The dedicatory exercises included music, songs and declamations by the school children, and addresses. It is planned to have a lecture on humanity delivered at this fountain every year upon the fifth of October. The fountain is a blessing to man and beast and an honor to Milwaukee.

THE HUNTSMAN'S SAINT

In the province of Luxemburg where once was the great forest of Ardennes, there is a place which has long been known as "la converserie." It marks the spot where St. Hubert, who was a hunter before he was a saint, was converted. It was here, legend states, that his love of hunting, his passion for the chase, and his desire to slay the creatures of the wild, were all taken from him.

His conversion is said to have come about in this way: One Good Friday, instead of going to church, he set out on a hunting expedition to the forest of Ardennes, where his dogs soon found the trail of a magnificent stag. Upon its being brought to bay the creature turned and faced its pursuers, displaying between its horns a gleaming crucifix, whence a voice cried out, loud and clear: "How long wilt thou continue to hunt these poor creatures, Hubert, and to allow these, thy cruel passions, to cause thee to forget the welfare of thy soul?" Thereupon Hubert renounced hunting and devoted himself to good works.

Since St. Hubert's time it has taken no such miracle to dissuade multitudes of men from the sportsman's cruel craft. The mute but appealing expression in the eyes of the dying stag has been enough to make them forever forsake the sport that deprives of life.

Hubert is the patron saint of hunstmen, but how many of them are familiar with the story of his conversion?

REINDEER IN NORTH AMERICA

The success which has followed the introduction of reindeer into Alaska is shown in the fact that there are now 16,000 of the useful animals in the territory, about 9000 of which are owned by the natives. The government gives reindeer to Eskimos who have qualified themselves to care for them.

The largest holder of reindeer is an Eskimo woman who is said to have a herd of more than thirteen hundred, which she has reared from a small flock. She has trained eight of her own people in the propagation and care of these useful animals and sent them out, each with a small herd, for a beginning. She now has the ninth in training. This is doubly interesting, as it shows the development of a wonderful industry for Alaska, and the surprising mental and moral qualities of an Eskimo woman.

In Newfoundland and Labrador Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell imported a small herd of reindeer from Europe several years ago. These animals have proved to be well suited to the climate and forage there, and have increased to a considerable number. They are the real wealth of the natives, furnishing them with food and clothing as well as labor.

Angell Memorial Items

"The Society has a great work before it; and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman who believes in God, and has sympathy for His suffering creatures."

GEORGE T. ANGELL'S
Appeal in the Boston papers,
April, 1868.

The Executive Committee of the Angell Memorial Fund, 45 Milk Street, earnestly appeals to the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* for assistance in organizing a force of representatives in every community to receive and solicit contributions to the Angell Memorial Fund.

All who have read *Our Dumb Animals* for some time realize fully the importance of the work done by the Societies and should cooperate with this Committee to carry to success the collection of this \$1,000,000 fund to build and endow the Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals, which is to be also the permanent headquarters of the Societies.

The most effective way to assist is to interest persons in their communities to volunteer to act as local representatives to solicit and receive contributions for the Fund in the state. *If we enlist only six out of every one hundred readers in Massachusetts, we will have nineteen hundred and fifty representatives in the field—just what we need.*

Let us take courage from the noble example given us by George T. Angell, whose lifelong service in advocating and supporting humane principles brought such a glorious result.

Our task is immense but we shall succeed if we will give the work "all that is best in us."

NATHANIEL T. KIDDER } Executive Committee
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY } \$1,000,000
MRS. GEORGE T. ANGELL } Building & Endowment
Fund
Angell Memorial

County Representatives:

Barnstable	E. S. Cotton	Brewster
Bristol	T. S. Sayer, 72 Hillman St.	New Bedford
	H. B. Drew, Y.M.C.A. Bldg.	New Bedford
Hampden	H. E. Thayer, 77 Garfield St.	Springfield
	E. B. Dolan, 150 South St.	Holyoke
Middlesex	F. W. Peakes, 148 Vernal St.	Everett
Norfolk	J. A. Mitchell, 24 Sampson Av.	Braintree
	J. H. Woodsum, 6 Hazel St.	Milton
Suffolk	C. Cesana, 45 Milk St.	Boston
Worcester	H. E. Chapman, 2 Euclid Av.	Worcester

THE SITUATION IN TURKEY

We hope soon to hear that Mrs. Alice W. Manning of Constantinople and all our humane friends in Turkey are safe in spite of the recent depredations of the war. We have recently sent seven Angell Prize Contest medals to Mrs. Manning, to be used as oratorical prizes in the American colleges in Turkey.

Our readers will regret to learn that the work of the Société Protectrice des Animaux in Constantinople has been very much delayed because of the change in government, the men who helped organize the Society and who would have also helped in securing laws, being now out of power.

A Société Protectrice des Animaux has been organized in Salonica, Turkey, as a branch of the Constantinople Society. The founder of the new organization is M. Beaune of the Lycée Français de Salonica.

Mr. F. H. Leslie of the American Mission, Ourfa, Turkey, has introduced Bands of Mercy into his school and also into the Protestant Armenian schools in that city.

During the past year two hundred francs' worth of the humane books published by the Constantinople Society was sold in Bulgaria.



IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY



THE HUMANE IDEA, Francis H. Rowley.

With the purpose to be of service particularly to those humane workers who do not clearly know and cannot readily obtain the fundamental facts regarding the origin and growth among mankind of the humane spirit, Dr. Rowley has condensed into a small volume the salient features of a great and ever-growing movement of which clear and distinct traces may be discerned in the history of almost every nation of the past.

Availing himself of the best sources of information and with frequent reference to the writings of poets, philosophers, priests and teachers, he recalls the names of many kindly souls whose place in history would still be secure were known of them save what they did in pointing out to their fellows man's obligations to the lower animals.

How this humane spirit worked out in the soul of ancient Israel; how intolerable wanton cruelty to animals was to the finer sensibilities of the Greeks and how, even in the inhumane days of Rome, there towered such notable exceptions as Seneca, Porphyry, Plutarch, and others, who taught kindness to all creatures, are set forth concisely in succeeding chapters.

The relation of the early Christian church to this subject and finally the dawning of a new day for the animal world, when champions like Primatt and Bentham and Erskine and Martin and Bergh and Angell secured justice and legal protection for dumb animals and made the goal secure and permanent by the organization of humanitarian societies, completes the history of the humane idea.

Dr. Rowley has accomplished a task that others have hoped might be done, and his contribution to humane literature should inspire and serve well every one interested in the cause.

72 pp. 25 cents. The American Humane Education Society, Boston.

HANDBOOK OF BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA, Frank M. Chapman.

Not since the great Audubon published his "Birds of America" has anyone accomplished a work in ornithology more successfully or covered the field more thoroughly than has Mr. Chapman, and this in a single, convenient and comprehensive volume.

The new and eighth edition of the "Handbook" has been carefully revised and partially rewritten. Added matter to the extent of about a hundred pages treats of "Why We Should Study Birds"; "A Word to the Beginner," in which the finding and naming of birds and the collection of their eggs and nests are discussed; "The Study of Birds in Nature," wherein distribution and migration, singing and nesting, and plumage and food are separately considered.

The "Key to Orders and Families" with biographical sketches, amended and brought up to date, will continue to be of indispensable help to the bird student who cannot well afford to be without this standard of authority.

Eight full-page colored plates by Fuertes, sixteen plates in black and white, and a hundred and thirty-six figures in text, comprise illustrations.

530 pp. \$3.50 net. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

HOOF BEATS, Philip Hichborn.

Readers of light fiction will undoubtedly find some entertainment in this collection of nine horse stories which have previously appeared separately in several of the popular magazines.

Those who have ridden horse behind a pack of hounds, across country, leaped ditches, scaled fences, sustained falls and broken bones and perhaps the loss of a favorite mount, will enter into the spirit of these tales and appreciate the exploits of the equine characters. Several pen drawings are scattered through the text.

169 pp. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

NED BREWSTER'S YEAR IN THE BIG WOODS, Chauncey J. Hawkins.

This is the story of a city boy's experience in the heart of the New Brunswick forests. Ned's father was ordered by his doctor to spend a year in the open, and he took his son with him. With only a guide they lived in a small log cabin, the wild creatures about them, and here Ned learned a vast amount of wood-lore. How, after once setting steel traps, the cruelty attendant upon this practice appealed to him so strongly that he did not do it a second time; how he made friends with a baby porcupine whose mother had been shot; his success in taking animal photographs; the life history of Lonely Heart, the partridge; the story of his pet moose calf; and many other experiences which befell the campers, all make fascinating reading for any boy.

Numerous full-page reproductions of photographs, taken by the author, illustrate the tale.

291 pp. \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Paper-Nautilus by FELIX J. KOCH



HERE is just one species of living things, practically, which traces direct descent from the curious little animals known to geologist and to naturalist as belemnites and nummulites, whose fossil remains are so plentifully strewn throughout the rocks the entire globe over—and this is the nautilus, and its kinsmen of the order Cephalopoda, tiny animals which show great perfection of structure.



PAPER-NAUTILUS IN SHELL

Of these creatures left us today that are nearest like the living things of the days of the rocks, there is probably none more interesting to the layman than the paper-nautilus. The curious little fellow has no internal skeleton. Two of its arms are outstretched and form broad sails, which seem to be unfurled to the breeze and used for propelling the body to which they belong.

The poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus," is familiar to every school-boy, and may suggest the enjoyment of beauty, of useful lessons, and the inspiration

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

Just a little bit of Christmas

For the neighbor at your side,

Who upon the wave of fortune

With yourself seems not to ride.

Do not be a miser, hoarding

Health and strength and power to bless,—

Share them with the lone one near you

Who these charms may not possess.

For 'tis not alone the dollar,

Soon forgotten, that you spend,

But the hand-shake that goes with it,

Carries blessing in the end.

Putting the true Christmas spirit

Into everything you do,

You will find it will be Christmas

In your heart the whole year through.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

For who is it smiles through the Christmas morn,

The Light of the whole creation?

A dear little Child, in a stable born,

Whose love is the world's salvation.

He was poor on earth, but He gives us all

That can make our life worth the living;

And happy the Christmas day we'll call

That is spent, for His sake, in giving.

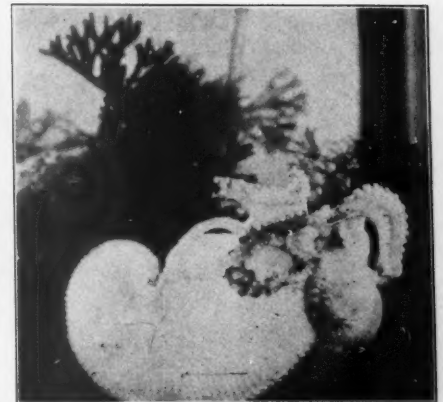
LUCY LARCOM.

which may be drawn from the animal world. As a matter of exact science, however, it must be confessed that the argonaut does not use his canvas-like appendages as sails, but that the function of these is partly that of holding animal and shell together, and partly the secretion of the substance from which the shell is formed. This shell is very thin and transparent, flexible and grooved, and so like the earlier forms of ships that it is supposed naval architects took their first lessons from the argonaut.

In repairing any damage to its dwelling, the animal wastes no effort, but, if pieces of shell are obtainable, uses them, so as to diminish the quantity which it must itself manufacture.

The Mediterranean is the natural home of the argonaut and there it may be seen, sailing its mimic vessel near the shore and frequently, when alarmed, furling its sails and sinking out of sight. Like the cuttlefish, it ejects at will an inky substance which protects it from its enemy.

The eggs hatch in about three days; for two days more the shell-less young share the shell of the parent, which had previously been used as a depository for the eggs; and, at the end of a week, the young have matured sufficiently to leave the ark and to sail life's waters for themselves.



PAPER-NAUTILUS LEAVING SHELL

Extracts from Paper Read at Convention of American Humane Association

Glanders and Public Drinking Troughs

By DR. B. T. WOODWARD, of Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture



N the majority of the countries of the world, glanders prevails in various extents as a dangerous, communicable disease of horses, asses and mules. It is unknown in Australia and stringent regulations are enforced to prevent its introduction upon the island. It is probable that

no state of these United States is entirely free from the disease. The greatest number of its victims are claimed in the cities rather than in the country.

It awaited our present generation to discover the exact cause of the disease, and in 1882, Loeffler and Schuetz, in Germany, isolated the specific germ, which they described and named "bacillus mallei."

This organism is found principally in the nasal discharges, the pus exuding from farcy-buds, the saliva and manure. These infect the materials with which they come in contact, making them secondary carriers of the disease.

Among the modes for the dissemination of glanders which are thus produced there may be mentioned the public or common watering-troughs, stable attendants, mangers, nose-bags, harness, currycombs and brushes, wagons, public hitching sheds, blacksmith shops, hitching-posts, and access to manure piles.

Glanders develops more rapidly and more frequently in the acute form in young horses than in the old.

The first symptom to make its appearance is not always the same, and we must therefore watch for the development of any of the symptoms of glanders. A leg, usually the hind leg, may suddenly become swollen, and this swelling is usually followed by the appearance of what are termed farcy-buds, or farcy-buttons.

The farcy-bud is a lump varying in size from that of a bullet to a walnut. They are first felt or seen beneath the skin, which structure they later involve, causing the death of the part immediately over the bud.

The presence of a discharge from the nostrils should always be regarded with suspicion, and lead to a careful examination. The character of this discharge is similar to that from the farcy-bud, and is characteristic in its adherence to the wings of the nostrils.

After the establishment of the diagnosis of glanders, authority should exist for the slaughter of every diseased animal, either with or without reimbursement to the owner, and all infected premises should be submitted to a thorough disinfection, subject to official supervision. A pro-

visional quarantine should be established, by which the identity of all horses exposed to the infection or, as we usually term them, "contact horses," might be maintained so that such animals could be kept under surveillance.

In 1890 the use of a substance known as mallein was first introduced, and proved to be of great importance in diagnosing the hidden cases of glanders.

The next most important step in the diagnosis of occult glanders was when, in 1909, the complement fixation method was discovered. This method has been adopted officially by Prussia, and is used by the United States Bureau of Animal Industry in official work. Its accuracy is considered to be more than 97 per cent, and, when combined with what is known as the agglutination test, it is practically 100 per cent perfect in its positive diagnosis.

Large, deep troughs with perpendicular sides are preferable to the small, shallow troughs with flaring sides, as the large volume of water dilutes the infection to a greater extent, there is less tendency for the nasal discharge to adhere to perpendicular sides, and there is less danger of direct contact of noses with the large trough.

In localities where the outbreak is confined to a single stable, the horses from this stable should not be permitted to use public watering-troughs, and each horse should have a separate bucket.

KILLING ANIMALS BY ELECTRICITY

In describing "The Humane Killing of Animals by Electricity" to the American Humane Association, Huntington Smith of the Animal Rescue League, Boston, said:

The destruction of superfluous animals is a sanitary as well as a humane problem, and public opinion on this subject is being rapidly educated to the point where radical and decisive action will be necessary. Humane societies will be wise if they recognize the growing demand and appreciate the duty that devolves upon them. The choice of the method by which animals are to be destroyed is very important. There is no doubt whatever that the lethal electric current, rightly administered, provides the most humane form of death known to science. Animals are quietly and painlessly killed in the Automatic Electric Cage, without any preliminary terror or even discomfort, under the most sanitary conditions, and without any danger to the operator.

Two distinct types of cages are used, one especially designed for dogs and the other for cats. The dog cage, large enough to take any dog up to a St. Bernard or a mastiff, is well lighted and ventilated. The animal enters as it would enter

One Christmas gift

by
Jennie Lind Allen

The snowflakes were gently falling;
Christmas eve was drawing nigh;
A shopper, hurrying onward,
Heard a faint and piteous cry.



He stopped and, as he listened,
Again he heard the sound;
Then his eyes beheld an object
Upon the snow-clad ground.

His heart was touched at beholding
Such a pitiful little mite,
Though 'twere only a wee black kitten
Stretched out before his sight.

He felt he could not leave it—
This poor and helpless mite—
To die upon the pavement
Or suffer through the night.

With gentle touch he bore it
To his home not far away;
And then he named him "Christmas"
In memory of that day.



any ordinary enclosure and it has freedom to move about at will, restrained only by a collar and lead. As long as the door of the cage is open the electric current cannot enter the cage; the instant the door is closed the current passes through the body of the animal and it falls unconscious.

The cage for cats is in the form of a shallow tray, large enough to take any size of cat comfortably, with a cover opening at the top. The cover is controlled by a treadle, so that the operator has both hands free to handle the animal. The cages can be easily cleaned and do not readily get out of repair.

The amount of current required for the Automatic Electric apparatus is so small that the cost of operation is merely nominal.

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

The monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year; twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, etc.; copy of "Songs of Happy Life"; and an imitation gold badge for the president. See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy badges and supplies, and humane publications.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and seventeen Bands of Mercy were reported in October, of which 132 were organized in the schools of Massachusetts, ninety-six in schools of Rhode Island, forty-two in schools of Connecticut, and fifteen in schools of Florida. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Deerfield: South Deerfield, 5; Deerfield, 3.
Linwood: Linwood, 4.
Millbury: Union, 4; Noble, 2; Providence St., 5; Burbank, 5; Park Hill; West Millbury, 2.
Montague: Montague Center, 4; Oakman, 4; New Eighth St., 4; Old Eighth St., 4; South End, 4; Montague City, 3; Millers Falls Bldg., 4; Dry Hill.
Northbridge: Grammar, 4; Clarke, 4; Grove, 6; Rockdale, 8.
Oxford: Center, 2; Plain, 2; So. Grammar, 2; So. Primary; Howarth; Hammond; School No. 1; No. Oxford, 4; Thayer, 2; Gore.
Paxton: Paxton, 3.
Provincetown: High; Grammar, 3; Center, 4; Conant, 2; Western, 3; Eastern, 3; Bradford, 4.
Shrewsbury: Center Grammar, 4; School No. 8, 2; School No. 5; School No. 3; School No. 7; School No. 6; School No. 2.
Fall River, Massachusetts: United Hebrew Club.

Schools in Maine

Bath: Ferry. **Buckfield:** Primary.
West Bath: Trufants' Corner.
Winnegance: Winnegance. **Woolwich:** Nequasset.

Schools in Rhode Island

Coventry: Quidneck, 4; Washington, 3; Anthony, 2.
Gloicester: Jefferson; Harmony; Central; Cherry Valley; Victoria; Washington; Brown; Clarkville; Shady Oak.

Hopkinton: Hope Valley, 6.
Natick: Engine Hall, 3; O'Donnell's Hall; Baker St., 4.
Richmond: Carolina, 2; Shannock; Kenyon.
Warwick: Cowesett, 2; Buttonwoods, 2; Oakland Beach; League Hall; Conimicut, 3; Old Warwick, 4; Apponaug, 6; Spring Green, 2; Norwood, 4; Lincoln Park, 2; Hill's Grove Grammar, 4; Natick, 4; Riverpoint Grammar, 6; Phenix, 7; Centreville, 4; Crompton, 8.

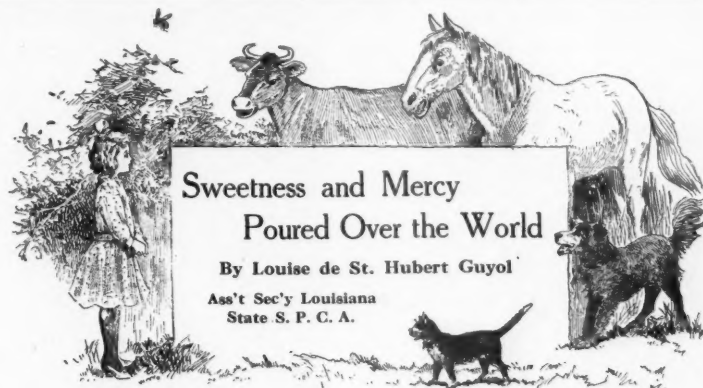
Pawtucket, Rhode Island: Imperial.

Schools in Connecticut

Burnside: Burnside, 5.
East Hartford: Hockanum; Union, 3; Meadow, 4; Second South, 2; North; Second North, 5; Center, 8.
South Manchester: Ninth District, 8.
Wethersfield: Broad St.; Wethersfield Grammar, 4.

Pattersonville, New York: Pattersonville.
West Point, Georgia: Children's.
Miami, Florida: Central School, 13; Trinity.
Ojus, Florida: Ojus School.
New Orleans, Louisiana: Police Stations, 7.
Akron, Ohio: Spicer School.
Chicago, Illinois: Light and Truth.
Kankakee, Illinois: Jefferson School.
Marshalltown, Iowa: Marshalltown.
Amiret, Minnesota: Amiret.
Duluth, Minnesota: Jefferson School; Endion School.
Winner, South Dakota: Winner.
Laramie, Wyoming: West Side School, 3.
Berkeley, California: College Ave. Church.
Colburg, Oregon: Graded School, 4.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 85,580.



I'D like to fill my arms full of kindness and sweetness and mercy and pour it over everything and everybody, all over the world."

The speaker was a little girl, whose arms were not very big but in whose eyes was a light that showed she could do this, and would if she but knew how.

"You can do it," declared Mrs. Merton, a sweet-faced woman with eyes something like the Little Girl's, and soft white hair waving back from her fine forehead.

"I can do it?" asked the Little Girl, looking down at her little figure and laughing. "How can I do it?"

"By distributing kindness everywhere you turn, by teaching kindness to everybody who crosses your pathway."

"I am too little to teach anything to anyone," objected the Little Girl, "because there is no one smaller than I who is big enough to learn, and no one to whom I can be very kind, I am such a little girl myself."

"Will you do what I tell you to?" asked Mrs. Merton.

The Little Girl agreed, and the older woman went to her desk and took from it a long sheet of foolscap paper. Across the top she wrote, "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage." She next drew a line down the center of the page, making two columns, at the top of one she wrote the word NAME, at the top of the other the word ADDRESS.

"Now," she said to the Little Girl, "go out in your neighborhood and among your friends and get them to sign this pledge. Don't leave out the bad boys and girls, they need to sign it more than the good ones. Then, when you have all the names and addresses you can get, bring the list to me."

In a few days the Little Girl returned with some forty names signed to her pledge.

"Now call a meeting, as you would for any club you wanted to organize," Mrs. Merton told the Little Girl.

In two or three days the Little Girl came running in, happily, and told Mrs. Merton that all the boys and girls in the neighborhood were very happy over the meeting which was to be held that evening at her home.

Mrs. Merton promised to be present, and when she reached the Little Girl's home, she thought she had reached a lovely party, for the rooms were filled with little boys and girls, all prettily dressed, all very, very happy.

When everyone was there, the roll was called from the pledge sheet, and the Little Girl explained to the children why they should be kind to animals, telling them that the animals could not speak for themselves and that, therefore, people must speak for them; but she particularly told them what Mrs. Merton had

impressed on her, that in teaching others to be kind to animals they must be very kind to people; that nearly always when children were unkind it was because they had not been taught better, and that they must be taught by a kind word, and not a cross one; that when drivers beat their animals, it was usually because they knew no better, and that if every boy who saw a man beat an animal would explain to the man that he was not only making the animal suffer, but injuring a fine piece of property, just the same as if he chopped into his house with an ax, then the little boy would be doing a very great deal of good, not only to the dumb animal, but to the man who had never been taught the value of kindness.

The Little Girl next told the assembled boys and girls that they must elect officers for their Band and choose a name. This they did, and then Mrs. Merton rose and told the children that they must send the name of their Band and the name and address of the president to Boston, to the American Humane Education Society; there being no charge to become Band of Mercy members.

The new secretary did this, and soon afterwards the Band received from the American Humane Education Society, without any charge, some beautiful literature, with pictures and stories of every kind of animal and bird; the first copy of a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, a copy of "Songs of Happy Life," containing the words of many songs set to well-known tunes, and an imitation gold badge for the president.

Every month these children hold a meeting at which they discuss a subject agreed upon at a previous meeting, and upon which the members have all studied during the month, such as Cats, Dogs, Horses, Frogs, or Rabbits. Compositions are read and queer stories told. Then a report is given by each member of some act of kindness done during the month, and this report is duly recorded in the minutes.

"Do you think you are accomplishing what you wished to do?" Mrs. Merton questioned the Little Girl one day.

"What is that?" the Little Girl asked, looking up from the latest copy of *Our Dumb Animals*.

"You wished, once, that you could pour kindness and mercy and sweetness all over the world."

The Little Girl's face beamed with a wonderful smile. "I'm still wishing that," she replied. "You are doing it," Mrs. Merton said.

"How?" The Little Girl was so surprised that she dropped the pretty paper and, rising, went and stood close beside Mrs. Merton.

"With your Band of Mercy," the older woman said.

"But I don't see how," the Little Girl responded, "it's all such fun we're having."

"That's the beauty of it, that's the true

quality of mercy, it blesses him that gives," Mrs. Merton quoted softly. "Now, shall I tell you how you are spreading mercy and kindness and sweetness all over the world?"

"Yes, please," the Little Girl said, softly. "You remember the big boy, Ned, who used to torment the cats; you remember Dick, the bird's-nest robber, and Maribel, the big girl who was so afraid of dogs and kicked them whenever she could?"

"They're all members of our Band," the Little Girl reminded Mrs. Merton, "they didn't know any better then, but now they're as good as can be to animals and birds too, and birds' eggs even."

"And they are more than that," Mrs. Merton went on, "for their mothers have told me that, since they joined your Band of Mercy, they are better in their homes; since they have learned to be kind to cats and dogs they are kinder to the younger children; since they have learned to stop robbing bird's-nests, they are learning to respect the property of other people. They say you have sent great sweetness into their homes."

The Little Girl thought for a long time. "Why," she finally asked, "does the treatment of animals make such a difference?"

"I am not quite sure, dear," Mrs. Merton replied, "but what I am sure of is this—we have never known it to fail, that where a child is taught kindness to little helpless dumb things, that child is kinder to everything else on earth. Probably it's because an animal is so helpless that when a child is taught to treat it kindly he is being taught to develop the noblest traits a man or woman can possess—justice for the helpless, succor for the suffering, consideration for the weak, and compassion for the unfortunate."

A DOG'S SENSE OF MEMORY

An English clergyman once owned a dog which was very much attached to him. When he was compelled to leave his country for a long sojourn abroad, the clergyman took his devoted canine companion to the house of his friend. There the dog remained for about two years. Then the long-absent owner returned and, arriving at his friend's house late at night, retired without having the dog called.

Early next morning the sleeping owner was awakened by the dog, bursting into his bedroom, and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstration of delight.

"How on earth did he know I had arrived?" asked the clergyman.

"O, sir," the valet replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots, the dog recognized them, and I have not been able to quiet him till he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed along with me to your door."



TWIN RAMS



CHILDREN'S CIRCUS IN AID OF ANGELL HOSPITAL

BANDS OF MERCY ABROAD

M. Perinet of Geneva Extends Work to Many Countries of Europe

In a paper presented at the International Congress of Moral Education, held at The Hague, last August, M. Jerome Perinet of Geneva, Switzerland, European representative of our American Humane Education Society, gave a brief résumé of the progress of the Band of Mercy movement on the Continent, of which he is at the head. He has sent special literature on the subject to the ministers of education in the various countries.

In Switzerland, two German cantons, Aargau and Baselland, have responded favorably to his appeal. The canton of Neuchâtel has published a circular in the *Bulletin de l'Enseignement*. In Grisons, Madame A. de Salis, an influential woman, has been working to have Bands of Mercy introduced into the schools of the canton. At Locarno, in the canton of Ticino, Professor Mariani, the inspector of secondary and primary schools, during a visit which M. Perinet made him last summer, was very enthusiastic about the movement, and wished to establish Bands in his schools. M. Bazzi, a professor in the normal school and a director of the college at Locarno, has written M. Perinet, asking for an article on the Band of Mercy, for publication in his journal, *L'Educateur*. Another gentleman has also been very anxious to secure an article on the work for his *Bulletin de l'Enseignement*. At Geneva, a Band has just been formed in an Italian school.

The minister of public instruction in Russia has asked M. Perinet to prepare a program to be sent to all the teachers in the empire, that they may organize Bands in their schools.

In Italy, at Naples, a Band has been organized in an evangelical school.

In Portugal, the director of the *Revue du Bien* has used in his journal everything that M. Perinet has published on the subject, and has also had these articles reprinted in other papers in that country.

M. Perinet has received many requests for literature from teachers in the south of France who are desirous of forming Bands in their schools.

Wherever the flag of the Band of Mercy floats it carries with it the teachings of kindness and mercy to God's lower creatures.

A CHILDREN'S CIRCUS

We called attention in the last issue of *Our Dumb Animals* to a beautiful service rendered our Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital by some children in Falmouth, Massachusetts. The letter from these children, who were Katherine Watson and Eugenia Swift, we published at that time.

With their ponies and dogs, and with the assistance of some little friends, they arranged a circus. The animals performed various tricks, the clown furnished amusement by his antics, and among the attractions was a replica of the famous Mrs. Tom Thumb. Pink lemonade and peanuts, of course, had to be included to make it a real circus.

Here is the picture of our kind young friends and the animals. The circus netted for our Hospital fund the handsome sum of \$7.

It is but an illustration of what thousands of children whose lives have been touched by the influence of Mr. Angell, particularly through the Band of Mercy work, may do to perpetuate his memory. One cannot lose sight also of the fact that such acts as these deepen for all time in the lives of the children themselves those great principles of justice, kindness and fair play for which, in such a marked degree, the founder of our Societies stood. If every member of a Band of Mercy in this country were to do what he or she could as an expression of appreciation of Mr. Angell's life and work, we should not lack for funds with which to build our Hospital.

F.H.R.

DOGS AND MUSIC

Dogs as a rule like music. But it must be remembered that their acutely developed nervous system, which renders them such faithful watchers, also makes keen and high pitched sounds extremely painful to them. Thus the high notes of a trumpet or even of a violin are torturing to a dog, who will howl under the infliction. On the other hand, soft medium tones undoubtedly give many dogs pleasure. Cats also, like many other animals, are fond of music. But no animals appear to suffer so much from keen harsh sounds as dogs, and none on the other hand probably delight more in smooth, soft harmonies. A soothing "diapason movement" is the kind of music most agreeable to the intelligent dog.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Barn-Folk's Christmas Tree

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON



IT was the night before the night-before-Christmas! How the merry flames did crackle and dance up the chimney of a wide-throated fireplace in a cozy old farm-house! And how the happy family of big folk and little folk did laugh, and chatter and plan for Christmas, and almost let out Christmas secrets! There were Grandmother and Grandfather and Father and Mother and Robert and Dorothy and Jamie and Baby Anne.

"Come, Chickens," said Mother, when the clock struck eight, "bedtime for folks who want to go to Fir Tree Hill, and help get the Christmas tree in the morning!"

Right after breakfast and prayers next morning, Father harnessed jolly old Dobbin to the wood sled, and they started.

When they reached Fir Tree Hill, Grandfather chose a beautiful straight fir, and Father cut it; and soon it was on the sled, and they were ready to start for home. Just then Baby Anne ran up to old Dobbin, and threw her arms about his sturdy hind legs.

"Dobbin 'ants Kismis chee, too!" she chirruped.

"Why not?" asked Grandfather and Grandmother.

"Let's!" chimed in Robert and Dorothy.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mother.

"Deed!" exclaimed Jamie.

So Father cut another tree, a beauty, and on the way home they planned what should be on it. Dobbin was such a kind-hearted horse that they knew he would not want it all for himself. So they planned for all his friends in the barn. And that afternoon, Father set it up in a corner of the barn floor, and the whole family helped put on the gifts, taking great care that the barn-folk should not see.

Next morning, early, soon as they were up, they all put on warm coats and caps and mittens, and went out to distribute the gifts. There was a big bag of Grandmother's best sunflower seed for the hens; a basket of Grandfather's fine long yellow carrots for the cows; a box of lump sugar for Dobbin, from Mother; a basket of sweet yellow apples for the calves, from Father; a bag of candy that looked like kernels of yellow corn, for Kate the carriage horse, from Dorothy; a bag of beans, from Robert, for the sheep; and red apples all over the tree, from Jamie, for the horses and cows and calves; and a round cake with frosting and red candies on it, for Dobbin, from Baby Anne.

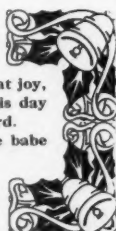
How the bright eyes of the barn-folk did shine, when they saw their lovely presents! And what a number of soft, musical, thankful sounds they made, as they ate them! Then, after Baby Anne had patted all the animals on their soft noses, all the house-folk went in to enjoy their own Christmas tree more than they ever had before.



The First Christmas Carol

Fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.



When the Horses Talked

By NELLIE M. COYE

*It was midnight in the stable;
Safe and warm the horses slept;
When from stall to stall on tiptoe
Good old Santa softly crept.
Christmas bells were gaily pealing
On the cold and frosty air;
And expectancy seemed written
Over nature everywhere.*



*"Not a horse awake to greet me!"
Santa chuckled with a grin;
"I'll have time to put a present
Into every empty bin."
Then he hastened on his errand
Till his pack was limp and lean,
And a gentle neigh reminded
He must hasten from the scene.*

*As his reindeer bore him swiftly
On his journey through the town,
In that erstwhile silent stable
Rose a noise that naught could drown
Every horse from sleep awakened
Till to talking as you do
When you find within your stockings
Gifts that Santa's left for you.*



*"Apples and some lumps of sugar
I have got," old Billy said.
"So have I," brown Molly answered,
Bending low her dainty head.
"I, and 'I, and 'I," the others
Chimed in all along the line,
As they tasted and enjoyed them,
Each asserting they were fine.*

*For 'tis said, in some far country,
When the midnight church bells chime,
There is talking by the horses
In their stalls at Christmas time.
And I think that other horses
Would respond with neighings glib
Could they find such Christmas presents
In a corner of their crib.*



Veterinary Column

Question: Last spring two suckling colts died, both showing the same symptoms, discharge from the navel and swelling of the stifle and knee joints. One died nine days after birth, and the other, thirteen days. What is the cause and treatment of this trouble? G. M. F.

Answer: Such cases should be treated only by a competent veterinarian. Joint ill (persistent urachus or omphalo phlebitis) is a very common disease of young colts. The supposition is direct infection of the navel, producing a pus formation and a generalized septicemia or blood poisoning, which oftentimes terminates fatally. The navel should be thoroughly washed with a creolin solution, a tablespoonful of creolin to a pint of warm water. Then saturate navel cord with tincture of iodine. Also use antistreptococcic serum, 20 c.c. daily, given hypodermically. Removal of all infected litter is essential, for cleanliness is very important in the treatment of all diseases.

Question: What would you suggest when a cow, as it is commonly said, loses her cud? R. H. B.

Answer: Loss of cud is merely a cessation of rumination, and is the symptom of some disturbance of the digestive organs. This is generally remedied by the administration of a cathartic.

Question: My driving mare has been going lame in the right front foot for the last two weeks and the horseshoer said it was caused by a corn. Can you advise any shoe that will effect a cure? C. L. T.

Answer: Remove the cause by leveling the foot, and above all do not pare the corn or you may have to deal with a more serious condition, namely, suppurating corn, terminating in quittor. Close examination will reveal the fact that the inside wall is lower than the outside, and this evil must be remedied. Then have the mare shod with the ordinary level shoe.

Question: A local veterinarian agreed to treat a horse for me that is suffering from fistula of the withers. He claims that by inserting a rowel saturated with turpentine, and leaving it there for three weeks, a permanent cure will be brought about. What is your opinion? T. M.

Answer: Fistulous withers is produced from an injury, giving rise to inflammation resulting in a pus formation. The majority of these cases, at best, are very difficult to treat, and require the services of a skilled surgeon. I was of the belief that the day of roweling or setoning had passed, for it is the most barbarous and inhumane treatment I have ever known, and I trust you will show good judgment in making a selection of a competent practitioner.

Question: What do you think of the practice of giving the ordinary house dog a cathartic from time to time? F. M.

Answer: All animals need a cathartic occasionally, in addition to outdoor exercise. I would suggest cascara sagrada pills, 3 to 5 grains, according to the size of the dog.

Question: Kindly suggest a suitable treatment for barbed wire cuts and other similar wounds. Would you advise sewing the same? H. D.

Answer: Sewing or suturing a horse wound is not advisable, for it is very rarely that a healing of the same is produced without the formation of pus, and the pus needs a drainage. Clip all hair from near wound and bathe thoroughly with creolin solution, a tablespoonful of creolin to one quart of warm water. Then apply the following to the wound twice a day:

Oxide of zinc 2 oz.
Boric acid 2 oz.

Note: The Society's veterinarian will be glad to answer, month by month, questions relative to the treatment of sick or injured animals, within the limits of a single column.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR OCTOBER, 1912

Fines and witness fees, \$266.41.

Members and Donors

E. A. H., \$111.33; Mrs. A. F. Hughes, for relief fund of horses, \$25; Miss Mary Lee Ware, for relief fund, \$20; Mrs. Daniel Merriman, for relief fund, \$10; Mrs. John W. Carter, \$10; Miss Edith Babcock, for slaughter-house reforms, \$10; Mrs. C. F. Shattuck, \$3; Prof. E. C. Black, \$3; Frederick Tuckerman, \$3; Mrs. John Church, \$3; Mrs. J. S. Dewey, \$1.50; Miss I. M. Gebhard, \$1.25.

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T. Ingalls, Gilbert & Cole Co., F. Brown, N. K. Snow, W. A. Brown, J. H. Baker & Son, A. H. Bennett, H. O. Woodbury, H. D. Lambert, M.D.
All others, \$176.42.
Total, \$725.50.

The American Humane Education Society, \$450.

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N. E. News Co., \$28.63; Eau Claire Book Co., \$28; E. G. Lautman, \$12.80; Mrs. A. M. Kennedy, \$11.25; J. C. Whipple, \$8.80; A co-worker, \$5.02; Mrs. H. A. Wheeler, \$4.90; Mrs. M. B. Langdell, \$4.62; Jessie Hawley, \$4.40; Cortland Larned, \$4; E. L. Dixon, \$4; J. B. Foster, \$3.60; P. S. Wilson, \$3.50; Anne B. Taylor, \$3.50; Clara L. Botsford, \$3.15; J. C. Foster, \$3; F. L. Dutcher, \$2.50; Winnie Wheeler, \$2.50; Mrs. W. S. Wood, \$2.50; Franklin Sq. Agency, \$2; Emily Carter, \$2; Geo. Wilson, \$2; Cottrell, \$2; Florence Hughes, \$2; Jeannette Ryder, \$2; B. E. Noon, \$1.50; A. R. Andrews, \$1.50; G. H. Paterson, \$1.10.

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All others, \$25.50.

Total, \$232.27.

Sales of publications, \$138.36.

Total, \$1812.54.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR OCTOBER, 1912

A. R. I. friend, \$168.75; A co-worker, \$65.45; Lend-a-hand book mission, \$15.68; Mrs. R. C. Hogue, \$10; Douglas Co. (Wis.) Humane Society, \$10; W. M. Bains, \$8.40; Methodist Book Concern, \$5; Helen Weston, \$5; Ida A. Bronson, \$3.10; Baker & Taylor Co., \$2; J. R. Eldridge, M.D., \$2; City of Northampton, \$2; Mrs. Graydon, \$2; Emma Adams, \$1.93; A. R. McAdam, \$1.80; Frederic Patten, \$1.66; E. Thorstonsberg, \$1.65; W. F. Cannon, \$1.64; Mrs. C. D. Stuart, \$1.58; Mrs. A. K. Harris, \$1.58; Mrs. J. J. Anderson, \$1.50; F. W. Cameron, \$1.45; W. G. Currier, \$1.43; Mae Langston, \$1.36; Rose Liebig, \$1.30; Wisconsin Humane Society, \$1.30; Ruby L. Jury, \$1.25; Miss S. C. Mitchell, \$1.24; Ella E. Flemings, \$1.13; Mary S. Kirby, \$1.12; Bessie M. Cosgrove, \$1.06; Miss Pearl Means, \$1; Mrs. Fred Brant, \$1; J. H. Mudis, \$1; H. C. Bucksath, \$1.

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Small sales, \$67.62.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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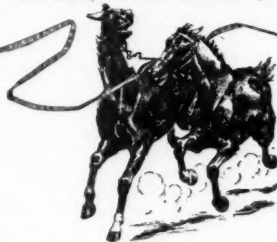
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